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Book P 27 H 3







HAROLD AND ROSALINE,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ALBERT PERRY.
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BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1846.

PS25A5
P27H3

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
Printed by Samuel N. Dickinson & Co.
52 Washington Street.

P R E F A C E.:

THE youthful effusions which follow, are submitted, with much diffidence, to the public. They were mostly penned during the bustle of other pursuits. The author, like many other scribblers of this country, pursues literature as a re-creation, and not as a profession. But while he craves the indulgence due to such circumstances, he does not shrink from liberal criticism. The tale entitled *Harold and Rosaline*, was mostly written while the author was residing in Virginia, where the scene is laid ; and he hopes that it may not prove unacceptable to his kind and hospitable friends of the Old Dominion. It may

be proper to remark, that Harold, the hero of this tale, claims no kindred with Childe Harold of the inimitable Byron. He was thus christened for the sake of euphony and rhythm.

Contrary to olden usage, the final syllable in the word *Rosaline* is here pronounced according to the orthography. If this volume shall contain some redeeming qualities, to counterbalance its defects; if it shall furnish instruction, or innocent amusement for a leisure hour; if it shall commend virtuous love and pure morality to the reader, the hopes of the author will be realized.

A. P.

New Ipswich, N. H., Feb. 25th, 1846.

HAROLD AND ROSALINE.

A TALE.

CANTO I.

I.

THE eremite had learned full well
To read from nature's open book,
Acquainted with each hill and dell,
Companion of each babbling brook.
It was a sweet, romantic spot
Where destiny had fixed his lot,
For solitude of various mien,
In mountain, vale, and stream was seen.
No trump of war had ever broken
The peace of nature's jubilee ;
Not yet, young liberty had spoken
The words that made our nation free.
It was a wild secluded glen,
Surrounded far by hill and wood ;
Virginia stretched her empire then,
Over that sylvan solitude.
Whate'er was grand — whate'er was fair,
In sweet profusion mingled there.

II.

The hermit's boy had never seen
 That beauty which surpasses all ;
 Ne'er owned the magic of its thrall,
 Nor bowed to earth's superior queen.
 An Indian hunter, now and then
 Had rambled through that lovely glen,
 And when all weary with the chase,
 At sunset he would cease to roam,
 He ever found a resting place,
 At Harold's hospitable home.
 And sometimes far adown the wood,
 As Harold sped his light canoe,
 Near where an Indian wigwam stood,
 He might have seen a squaw or two, —
 But woman, gentler woman, never
 In all his journey had been met.
 He had no chains to wear or sever —
 Young Harold was a freeman yet.

III.

His father was the only friend
 Who had a sympathy to lend.
 Long in this quiet humble dome,
 His grief-worn heart had found a home.
 None knew from whence the hermit came ;
 Young Harold scarcely knew his name,
 And yet he loved the old man well ;
 'T was joy to see his father's smile,
 He fondly chose with him to dwell,
 Though lost to all the world the while.

IV.

When calling up the dreamy past,
Far back as memory could guide him,
He saw alone from first to last,
That venerable form beside him.
He rested in his infancy,
Within that father's kind embrace ;
He oft had prattled on his knee ;
He oft had kissed his care-worn face.
While sixteen years had rolled away,
All seemed one long, long sunny day
To Harold,—joy dwelt on his brow ;
And though his heart was not so gay,
He loved his father no less now.

V.

A little garden was their care,
With maize and vintage overgrown ;
And when the light of summer shone,
With merry lay, the live-long day,
Full many a songster warbled there.
Nor was fair science all unknown,
Within that distant hermitage ;
The light of every other age
Beside their own, upon them shone.
Those volumes on the ragged shelf,
The old man pondered o'er himself ;
Companions of his youth and age,
They still each tedious hour beguiled ;
And he had taught his docile child,
Long since to read the written page.

VI.

The lowly vale, the mountain high,—
 The placid stream, the waterfall,—
 Leaves, birds, and clouds that wander by,
 Inhabitants of earth and sky,
 Were full of beauty, one and all,
 To Harold; from his infancy,
 The moaning wind, and sighing breeze,
 To him was plaintive melody.
 The gales that rocked the bounding trees,
 He welcomed as they came from far.
 And when a thunder-storm would roll
 Along upon its sounding car,
 The giddy flash, and hollow roar,
 Kindled and charmed his dauntless soul;
 And when the pelting storm was past,
 And rode away upon the blast,
 He fain would hear it thunder more.

VII.

But still he longed for sympathy,
 Some kindred partner in his joy:
 The thought that none his bliss could see,
 Sometimes would half that bliss destroy.
 However much the youth might love
 His reverend father, still, Oh! still
 There seemed sometimes, a void to fill,
 Which nothing yet below, above,
 Had occupied;— His being seemed
 A moiety of existence then,
 And of some other half in vain
 With fond solicitude he dreamed.

VIII.

At length he murmured, “father, why
 In loneliness do we dwell here ?
 We see nought but the self-same sky,
 And gaze on these old-fashioned rills,
 Forever dancing down the hills.
 I oft have read of glorious things
 Among the gay abodes of earth ;
 The stately palaces of kings —
 The trump of war — the voice of mirth —
 The fathomless and boundless ocean,
 With all its waves in wild commotion, —
 The smoking mountain rent asunder,
 The cataract of falling thunder —
 And more than all, the gentle flow
 Of breathing life, and social feeling ;
 The fairy smiles that come and go,
 Upon the cheek of beauty stealing.
 I do not ask to see mankind ;
 But father, what is smiling *woman* ?
 How can she calm man’s stormy mind
 Unless her smiles be more than human ? ”

IX.

A tear stood in the father’s eye,
 As now he fain would shape a smile ;
 There seemed an air of mystery
 Upon his countenance the while.
 Perhaps the question waked from sleep
 Some fitful train of youthful feeling ;
 Perchance he had a cause to weep,
 Which hardly he could help revealing.

With seeming gayety at last,
When that unbidden gloom was past,
 “ My son,” said he, “ on yonder tree
A score of happy birds are singing ;
 How sweet their tuneful voices be,
With which the wood and dell are ringing !
 But now put forth your hand to seize
A merry songster for your own ;
 And you may ask the empty trees
Which way the laughing bird has flown.

X.

The rainbow in its robes of light,
 Is beautiful ; you oft have seen
Its form embrace the mountain’s height,
 Or bend along the valley green.
You see its mystic dwelling-place ;
 Go dally with the glory there ;
And does it wait your kind embrace ?
 It walks delusive through the air,
And you are left in gloom behind it ;
 You still may run an endless race,
Before your weary feet shall find it.
 My boy, if weary with the chase,
When birds and rainbows are the prize ;
 If they but show a smiling face,
Or sing a song to tantalize,
Seek not for joy in *woman’s* eyes ! ”

XI.

But while the anchoret defined
The fair, the beautiful of earth,
And pictured to young Harold's mind
The glory of all woman-kind,
As if it were of little worth ;
Although the pupil nothing said,
He wore, perhaps, a serious face ;
For thoughts that hurry through the head
Upon the visage leave a trace.
He fain would own, if own he must,
His father's cruel picture just ;
He summoned all his observation
Of things, in every known relation,
And then defaced his beau ideal,
To make the hapless picture real,
But after all, he vainly sought
To realize it as he ought.

XII.

He oft had read a charming story
Of fond devotion — deathless glory —
Of beauty's planet ne'er declining ;
Of rainbows where no sun was shining.
The birds that caroled in the trees
Each knew some partner in the song ;
And with their kindred melodies,
They charmed each other all day long.

XIII.

The cold, unsympathizing one,
For whom the world has nothing bright,
Who sees no beauty in the sun,
Or in the golden stars of night ;
Whose fancy is not wont to rove
Through pictured landscapes of delight,
May not the meaning know of love.
But such a heart as Harold's, young,
With poetry and truth o'erflowing,
That sees a sort of glory flung
O'er all the world, with beauty glowing,
Will fancy some sweet creature bright,
Where beauty, love, and life unite,
And often covet with a sigh
The sunshine of a woman's eye.

XIV.

When chasing once a luckless roe,
Upon a distant mountain's height,
Where he had not been wont to go,
A curious object peered in sight.
Far in the flowery vale below,
There seemed a solitary rock,
Rearing aloft its whitened form,
As if secure against the shock
Of fitful blast, and wrathful storm.
It chanced upon a pleasant day,
He made a pilgrimage that way.
He bent his steps beyond the height,
Through thickets dark almost as night,

Where boughs in cool profusion hung,
 And streams were musical beneath,
 And traversed many a flowery heath,
 Where birds of wondrous melody,
 In all their wild-wood freedom sung.

xv.

A tangled wood perplexed his way,
 Abounding with sweet flowing streams,
 Where pines so closely hid the day,
 That only a few struggling beams
 Fell through the foliage overhead ;
 He heard the bear, retreating, tread
 Among those glooms, with heavy pace ;
 And playful hares, in merry race,
 Among the rustling leaves were skipping ;
 And herds of deer, that had been tripping
 Their antic rounds, the play forsook ;
 And pheasants, started in the bog,
 Hurried behind some friendly log,
 Or sped into a darker nook.

xvi.

The squirrel laughed right merrily ;
 The whip-poor-will began her plaint ;
 The solemn owl, with visage quaint,
 Peeped out from some old hollow tree,
 And, with an awful dignity,
 Displayed his scrutinizing face,—
 Like some dim ghost of other days,

Just sheltered from the wind and rain ;
 Fore-doomed to haunt that lonely place,
 And waste his breath in midnight strain,
 With none to blame and none to praise.

XVII.

At length he trod the weary wood
 That bordered on that journey's end ;
 When late he saw his rocky friend,
 It just beyond the margin stood.
 A sort of melancholy joy,
 A pensive pleasure, undefined,
 Gathered upon his dreamy mind ;
 And a mysterious alloy,
 That never yet has found a name,
 Of thought and feeling, went and came,
 As he reviewed his past career,
 And thought of all his early treasures,
 E'er he had learned to drop a tear,
 Or known to covet other treasures.

XVIII.

If earth at best is dark and drear,
 Ought we not make the most of' it,
 And take the lamp that heaven has lit,
 To cheer us on our journey here ?
 A crowd of truant thoughts like these,
 Perplexed him on his lonely route
 Through that wild labyrinth of trees,
 And many a fear and many a doubt,
 In vague, uncertain shape intruded

Upon the boundless scope of thought ;
And visioned entities were caught,
And forms of beauty came unsought,
Until his fancy was deluded.

XIX.

But hark ! what plaintive bird of song,
Breathes forth its music just at hand ?
How soft the echoes float along
Among the trees, by zephyrs fanned !
He hurried through the denser shade,
And found a solitary bower,
Adorned with many a fragrant flower ;
That seemed to skirt the opening glade.
It was a human voice he heard,
'T was different from breeze or bird ;
For 't was to measured cadence wrought.
And he could listen word by word,
Unto the eloquence of thought.

XX.

SONG.

In the mountain dell
Where the merry birds dwell,
I would be, I would be ;
Where the social breeze
Through the whispering trees,
Comes to me, comes to me.

O 't is merry, merry June,
And my heart is in tune,
For a song, for a song ;

I can sing of love,
To the answering grove,
Without wrong, without wrong.

There are hours, there are hours,
When my birds and my flowers,
Are forgot, are forgot;
For I sometimes dream
Of a gentler theme,—
And why not—and why not?

And my fancy oft,
With a whisper soft,
Seems to say—seems to say,
There are loving eyes,
There are blushing skies,
Far away, far away.

XXI.

The music dies upon the air;
Meanwhile the auditor has seen
The chantress in her arbor green—
A form to him divinely fair.
He gazes with his eagle eye;
'T is on a bright bewitching girl;
Her eyes are full of melody,
Her raven hair in many a curl,
Around her snowy bosom flows,
And every gentle wind that blows
Awhile in amorous sport delaying,
Among her flowing locks is playing.

XXII.

But still with love enticing mien,
The beauteous form before him waits ;
And still he gazes on unseen.
O ye inexorable fates !
Why stays the vision there so long ?
How breathed it forth so sweet a song ?
Can phantasies and shadows ape
A seraph's song — an angel's shape —
Is it a glad reality —
Or does some strange fatality,
Or fancy, with capricious whim,
Portray this lovely form to him ?

XXIII.

'T was half a smile, and half a blush,
Upon the maiden's cheek that strayed,
And tints of mingling light and shade,
Serenely on her feature's played.
To Harold each succeeding flush
But added there another charm.
O how incomparably calm
The soul that dwells within — how pure —
Thought he, 't is full of heaven sure !
It could not thus light up the face,
With such surpassing joy, and love,
Unless its own calm dwelling place,
Were lit with radiance from above.

XXIV.

A blank bewilderment of thought,
Came o'er him for a silent space ;
Meantime imagination brought
From her all-pictured dwelling place,
Conjectures wild, of every hue,
And each before his vision threw.
What should he call the wondrous thing ?
Was it a nymph — a sylvan maid,
Like those who used to dance, and sing,
Where Clio, and her sisters played ?
Or was it an ethereal guest,
Which he so fondly was beholding ;
That late its weary pinions folding,
Had perched it on the ground to rest ?

XXV.

He thought to grasp the image fair,
And know whether a thing of air,
Or solid entity was there.
Haply our novice was restrained,
But wherefore — he could hardly tell.
He found himself already chained
By beauty's captivating spell.]
Young Harold sees — or thinks he sees,
His bird begin to spread the wing,
And soon the glorious form may spring
Aloft among the bounding trees,
And ride away upon the breeze.
“ Stay, angel, stay ! ” — he speaks at last,
“ And tell me e'er you farther roam,

In what sweet clime your lot is cast ;
Where is your calm, delightful home ?”

XXVI.

“Yonder, among the trees,” she said.
He followed where the vision led,
And up a steep parterre ascended,
By the mysterious nymph attended.
Beyond the garden he espied,
The painted dwelling of his guide.
Our great beaumonde had never graced
Her form with its unmeaning show ;
And yet the richest grace below,
In mien and countenance were traced.
And this fair girl had never known
The blandishments of love untrue :
Virtue and truth were all her own ;
She thought the world was honest too.

XXVII.

Nor yet an anchoress was she
Like Harold, to the world a stranger.
Her father long had been a ranger,
Had travelled over land and sea,
In search of wealth, and when at last
He had a competence amassed,
He reared a spacious domicile
In that young wilderness of trees,
And there he hoped to take his fill
Of solitude, and careless ease.

XXVIII.

This man, whom we shall call Duquesne,
Had been a *sharper*, it is true ;
A cunning in his eye was seen,
Which always the attention drew
Of those who knew him — in despite
Of sundry sins, he was upright
In all his dealings with mankind ;
In his astute and wakeful mind,
There were anomalies combined ;
With love of sterling pounds and pence,
He ever coupled *sterling* sense.
Thus far his solitary life
Had glided happily away ;
He loved his money, loved his wife,
And loved to see his hounds at play ;
His only child was Rosaline,
The black-eyed nymph that here you see
And these, with menials eight or nine,
Composed his smiling family.

XXIX.

The ever-flippant host began
To edify his tacit guest,
And through a score of items ran —
Ransacked the globe from east to west,
From north to south, collecting stories
Of war and peace, of love and fame ;
He seemed to know — at least by name —
All men, republicans and tories.

His pleasure then he certified
To greet a stranger at his board,
And what his table might afford,
He proffered with a generous pride.

XXX.

Duquesne discoursed of Britain's train,
And wars that darkened all the land ;
Her lordly fleets were on the main,
Her hostile armies on the strand.
And soon the clash of arms might roar,
Beyond the ramparts of the shore ;
For many an unoffending dome
Already to the earth was razed,
And now the storm of war menaced
Even his own sequestered home.

XXXI.

This revolution of the times,
To Harold was unknown before ;
But he had seen so many crimes,
And heard so many battles roar,
Along the records of the past,
That this he deemed another blast
Among the hurricanes of strife,
Sweeping the plains of human life ;
Another dark, mysterious plot
Of guilt, and homicidal rage,
To cast upon the sable page
Of history, another blot.

XXXII.

Duquesne thus talked of this and that,
 Until the evening far was spent ;
 While, wondering, the stranger sat,
 A silent auditor, content
 To occupy an easy-chair,
 And ponder what his teacher said.
 The old man thought him debonair —
 In conversation, sure, well-bred ;
 But wondered much what life he led.
 Perhaps he had assumed that guise,
 By dint of some romantic end
 In view — perchance some moneyed friend,
 With fortune of prodigious size,
 Had come to seek a fairer prize.
 Mayhap a hero from the war,
 Or prince across the rolling water,
 Had heard of beauty from afar,
 And come to woo his lovely daughter.

XXXIII.

And Rosaline, with tuneful words,
 Discoursed of many a pleasant thing ;
 Her voice was like the song of birds,
 Floating upon the breath of spring.
 Harold could scarce believe his ear :
 Demurring 'twixt a smile and tear,
 He gazed upon her blissful cheek.
 Like Dido he began to speak,
 And halted e'er the sense was told :
 And like that hapless queen of old,

Drew out the night in sweet delay,
Till midnight called the nymph away.

XXXIV.

Fair Rosaline, it is confessed,
Was more than friendly to her guest.
He was not altogether rude,
By intercourse with solitude :
He had an honest countenance ;
There was a something in his glance
More eloquent than studied art,
That speaks the absence of the heart.

XXXV.

After a night of eager dreams
Where gentle love, no doubt, is present,
Harold awakes — the morn is pleasant ;
And more bewitching Rosa seems,
Than all his fancy ever told
Among the fabled nymphs of old.
But homeward turn thy feet again
Thou tardy pilgrim ; long in vain,
Thy sire has looked for thy return :
Thou hast a curious tale to tell,
Of all the wonders that befall,
And he has weighty news to learn.

XXXVI.

“ My father, you have taught e'erwhile,
That beauty is a splendid fiction,
Devised to grace the poet's diction ;
And that the sweet bewildering smile

Of woman, is a painted thing,
That owes one half its coloring
Unto the visionary brush
Of fancy ;— but methinks the flush
That lit the glance of Rosaline —

For so they called the rosy maid —
Was sweet, as ever yet the Nine,
Unto a poet's eye displayed.

XXXVII.

The very spot where, in suspense,
I sought profounder solitude,
And where I deemed the satyr rude
Might find a fitting residence,
Contained the speaking eye, and lip
Of beauty ; and the very block,
Which late I thought a soulless rock,
Was full of human fellowship.

It was an artificial pile,
For use and splendor both designed ;
From front, unto the rear, was mined
Within, an ornamented aisle ;
And you could swing a spacious door,
And enter in on either side,
To an apartment, long, and wide.
Upon the walls, and on the floor,
Were painted birds, and flowers, and trees ;
Some hand I ween had pictured these,
Because the maiden loved so well
Among the birds and flowers to dwell.

XXXVIII.

And there were other dwellers there,
Beside herself — but none so fair.

And she occasionally would bend
Her dark, but glowing eyes on me.

Father, the brightest stars that wend
Their way through yonder galaxy,

In brilliance never can transcend
Such starry, starry eyes as those ;
For there the soul of music glows —

And there the mystery of thought,
Which language never can disclose.
And then her sweet melodious tongue !
The birds all listened, while she sung.
By all the music of the spheres —
By all the melody of years —
I thought some minstrel from above,
Was chanting in that tuneful grove !

XXXIX.

Then strange romantic thoughts came o'er me,
With wonder at the thing before me.

Diogenes himself might weep,

To hear a serenade like this ;
And Orpheus, if waked from sleep,

His harp long crumbled, would not miss ;
For such surpassing minstrelsy

Would drown the memory of his own :
No wonder that ferocity

Was humanized by music's tone ;
Or e'en that Pluto's heart of stone

Obsequious with tears relented,
And to the minstrel's prayer consented,
If he, for his Eurydice,
Could sing, as Rosa sung to me.

XL.

But if the anthem were so sweet,
What would you guess the minstrel were ?
She heard not my approaching feet,
And so I stole a glance at her.
Ah me ! too beautiful in seeming,
For earth ; and such a look of love
Upon her gentle face was beaming,
Despite of all the light above,
I thought my truant soul was dreaming.

XLI.

But no ; that gentle shape was true,
Unless a dream deludes me now,
And it was like myself, or you,
Except that on her lovely brow,
A glow of softer visions dwelt ;
And there was pictured on her cheek,
Beauty, not only seen, but felt ;
Which one may know, but cannot speak.
And then her darkly flowing hair,
In ringlets, played upon each shoulder,
Until half jealous, the beholder
Envied the breeze, that wantoned there.

XLII.

A graceful robe around her hung,
Like tunic, which in later Rome,
The love-lorn student o'er him flung,
When promenading some old dome
Of Italy, or when he strayed
To muse within her classic shade.
And it was daintily compressed
About the waist, so as the best
Beseemed her light, and fairy form.
The ancient god who rode the storm,
And winged the thunderbolts of heaven,
Ne'er looked upon a thing more fair,
When Juno walked the upper air,
Or decked her flowery couch at even."

CANTO II.

I.

THE birds had sung their vesper hymn,
Within the garden ; evening dim
Her drapery around them spread,
And stars were twinkling overhead ;
And silence, audible, almost,
Pervaded all that quiet glen,
Save that a beetle now and then,
Along the dusky grove would coast ;
Or faintly from the distant fen,
Descanted the sad whip-poor-will ;
Or from the mountain, fainter still,
A wolf at intervals was heard.
Scarcely a whispering zephyr stirred
The sleepy leaves. The eremite
Sat in the door of his rude hut,
And while the drowsy day had shut
Her eye at the approach of night,
He had been listening to the tale
Of Harold's wonderful adventures.

A rush of thought disturbed the calm,
That dwelt upon his features pale ;
For he remembered the indentures,
And beauty's ne'er forgotten charm,
Which bound him in his early youth,
Unto a world of seeming truth.

II.

Gone was that form by love endeared,
With all he hoped and all he feared ;
And now, how changed his prospect seemed !
Scarcely a ray of comfort beamed
From the dim present, or the past.
But hope's undying glance was cast
 Beyond the confines of to-day,
And reveled in a prospect vast,
 Where pleasures never fade away.
Thou omnipresent hope ! 't is thine
 To light this darksome vale of tears,
 With radiance from other spheres :
When all the joys of earth decline,
 And leave misfortune's night behind,
 'T is thine to cheer the clouded mind,
With glimpses of a star divine ;
 And far beyond this night of sorrow,
 Betoken heaven's eternal morrow.

III.

Oh ! what is life, if thou dost hide
 Thy treasures from the eye of man ?—
Unless thy blissful presence guide
 From scheme to scheme — from plan to plan,

Portraying still some future good —
Life is a dull unmeaning race :
Who in the hapless present, would
 Make his eternal dwelling place ?
Who is content with present gain —
 Without the joy to look for more ?—
And would not rather hope in vain,
Than take the present with its pain,
 And but a blank for future store ?
Who would content him with the span
 Of life, and thought, which we call *now* —
While expectation might not scan,
 A world of pleasure yet unknown,
 And hope put on a sunny brow,
 And call futurity her own ?

IV.

The soul unbounded in its gaze,
 Still revels in the luxury
Of future years, and onward strays
 Through regions of the vast *to be*,
 And drinks eternal melody
From all imagined song, and basks
 Beneath a canopy of pleasure,
Where all that expectation asks
 Becomes anon, a present treasure.
Tiptoe delights allure the eye,
 Dancing beneath the sunny sky
 Where future destiny is cast ;
And pictured joys in long array
 People the panorama vast,

That opens with a landscape gay,
And stretches into endless day.

V.

Unfading laurels of renown,
Await the aspirant for fame.
There shines the star-bespangled crown
Which pageantry and empire claim.
The miser finds the fabled stone
Which tantalized philosophy ;
And hears his burdened coffers groan,
With the intumblung jewelry ;
And love will brush away a tear,
If brooding o'er the last farewell,
While Hope, with her mysterious spell,
Portrays the hour of meeting near.

VI.

But this is the bequest of youth,
The novelty of early hope ;
And when experience must cope
With deep reality, and truth,
When times and seasons have departed,
With promises unverified,
And we are left, just where we started,
With joys unrealized, untried ;
Amid the sorrows that betide,
Amid the doubts that round us hover,
Too late, we oftentimes discover
That the sweet sorceress has lied.
But still, oh still ! like a fond lover,

With the gay charmer Hope we dally ;
Her glance unto the last can rally
Our sinking spirits from despair.

And when she lifts her magic wand,
Amid the storms of grief and care,
We see a rainbow hang beyond.

vii.

But there are times — yes, there are times,
When all seems blank and desolate ;
When hope can find no sunny climes,

And fancy, tired, cannot create
One beauty for the friendless heart ;
Each spot in this beclouded sphere,
Alike is pitiless and drear,
And earth has no redeeming part.

Oh ! then, celestial Hope, portray
Visions of beauty far away,
And let a glimpse of heaven cheer
The pilgrim, on his journey here ;
Let faith, thy sister seraph, come,
And point the lonely spirit home,
Where in the lap of peace caressed,
The weary wanderer is blest.
Thus the lone hermit, when he knew
No spot on earth to call his home,
Cast a fond glance unto the blue
That skirted heaven's eternal dome,
And saw its radiance breaking through.

VIII.

With words of caution and of truth,
The reverend sire address'd the youth.
“ Remember, son, you are untaught
 In the sad treachery of earth ;
Experience, too dearly bought,
 May come too late, when all the mirth
Of your young heart is steeped in grief ;
Life, at the longest, is but brief,
 And when from wisdom you have wandered,
There is no space to make amends ;
If young affections have been squandered
 On worthless or unreal friends,—
So long your partial thoughts have pondered
 Upon their image, 't will remain,
And fill you with a longing void ;
 You ne'er can find the like again
To that which first your heart decoyed.
 Your tears may fall like summer rain
Upon the desert of regret,
 Until despair can weep no more ;
But ah ! it is a desert yet.
 Or you may stand upon the shore,
Where the sad bark was lately stranded,
 Freighted with all that you called dear,
And find no blessed angel landed,
 Your lonely shipwrecked heart to cheer.

IX.

It is not yours to give the lie
To hope ; but it is yours to try

Her flowery path with wary feet;
And when she tells of kisses sweet,
 And points you to a bed of roses,
 Where loveliness and joy reposes,
Be on your guard against deceit.
 Scarcely a rose without a thorn,
In pleasure's garden ever grows;
 And flowers that blossom in the morn,
Rarely abide the evening's close.
 I do not tell you this to sadden
Your countenance, with useless fear;
Nay brush aside that falling tear;
 My counsels, if pursued, will gladden
The afterpart of your career.

X.

The man of independent deed,
 Who will not stoop to little things,
 To worship prelates — flatter kings —
Secures too often for his meed
 The malediction of the great;
For greatness rarely is allied
 With goodness in the estimate
Of common men. Passion and pride
Unto themselves monopolize
Each golden thing that mortals prize,
Save real dignity and worth;
Justice is exiled from the earth,
Or driven away to lonely caves,
 Where freedom holds a rocky seat;
 Or to some musical retreat,
Amid her guardian ocean waves.

XI.

Nor is oppression's reign confined
 Unto the orient hemisphere ;
 For ignorance and folly blind
 Their countless votaries even here.
 The Pilgrim Fathers sought a land
 Of rest ; 't was persecution's hand
 That drove them from their native clime ;
 The gales of heaven propitious fanned
 Them to their destined port sublime.
 Sublime, because its native rocks
 Battle forever with the shocks
 Of ocean and devouring time ;
 Sublime, because it welcome gave
 Unto the noble and the brave.

XII.

Oh ! joy that faith was disenthralled
 From earthly chains, and regal sway ;
 A land of liberty they trod,
 By ocean's mighty surges walled
 From harm, and chanted here a lay
 To freedom, and to freedom's God.
 But so it was ; when they had gained
 A refuge for devotion's fane,
 That very refuge was profaned
 By bigotry ; alas ! how vain
 Is all the incense, and the prayer,
 That rises from devotion's altar,
 If charity is wanting there.
 Men do not always with a halter,

Suspend you 'twixt the earth and sky,
 To show their zeal, and signify
 Abhorrence for diverse opinion ;
 If you are not the lucky minion
 Of fortune, they may pass you by —
 Just branding you an infidel,
 Debarred from heaven, and doomed to hell.

XIII.

Cursed be the soul that dares dissent :
 They search their Maker's dark decrees,
 And comprehend all mysteries.
 Whoe'er interprets different,
 Is willfully and darkly blind,
 A foe to Heaven, and to mankind.
 In vain ye talk of kindred ties —
 Of Christian charity divine ;
 'T is only casting pearls to swine.
 So foolish, but withal so wise,
 Who portion out the husks of earth,
 Unto their own respective clans,
 That each appears in his own eyes,
 A paragon of truth and worth.
 And doctrines, howsoe'er absurd,
 If kindred with their grovelling plans,
 Are swallowed by the common herd.

XIV.

Heaven guide your roving feet, my child ;
 The world to which you go is strange ;

The face may frown, that once has smiled,
And seeming friends, alas ! may change.
The poor must earn their daily bread.

You love too well the vagrant dream ;
Your heart to poetry is wed

So deeply, that the world will seem,
Almost a picture of romance ;
Visions of joy, and grief, will dance
Around, and fill the spirit's eye
With their vague tearful imagery ;
And you will vainly, vainly sigh
For something — ah ! you know not what ;
A mystic *something*, which is not
In all the round of being found.

XV.

Look now, my son, on yonder sky ;
Those moonlit clouds that wander by,
Forever changing as they go,
Are like this shifting world below.
At random borne before the wind,
Those posting glories wander on ;
So float the visions of the mind,
Till life's delusive dream is done.
So fade away the joys of earth ;
So glide its music and its mirth,
Down to the dark and solemn verge
Of life's horizon, and immerge
Themselves in everlasting night :
They may obscure awhile the light
That glimmers from those lamps afar,
And hide the spirit from each star.

To light its lowly journey given ;
But when these passing splendors are
Forever faded from the sight,
'T is left to gaze alone on heaven.

XVI.

The remnant of my life is brief :
Unfettered thought shall soon explore
A land beyond this vale of grief,
Where tears of sorrow fall no more.
Then let yon weeping willows wave
Their branches o'er the hermit's grave.
There hide my weary bones so deep
That blighting care shall find them never ;
The bending trees shall stand and weep
Over my long and dreamless sleep ;
Beside the mound yon rill shall creep,
And mutter my soft dirge forever.
But weep not thou beside the spot ;
Enough that things inanimate
Shall mourn, to see their common lot ;
The soul enfranchised, does not wait,
To slumber with the voiceless clay,
But soars aloft to kindred day.

XVII.

And you will roam this chequered ball,
Among the busy and the gay ;
And dream as I have done, that all
Has too much beauty for decay.
But should a cloud obscure the sun,
Before your pilgrimage is run ;

Should beauty prove a fickle thing,
 And trifle with your heart, my boy ;
 Should poverty and sorrow fling
 A shadow over all your joy ;
 Remember, 't is our common lot,—
 Calmly endure and murmur not."

XVIII.

Approaching night began to hang
 Dark drapery from hill to hill ;
 A louder chime of music rang
 From grove to grove — and then was still.
 That louder chime — t' was the descanting
 Of happy birds along the dell,
 While Phœbus, with a smile enchanting,
 Lingered to bid their hymns farewell.
 Softly the beams of twilight play,
 In dalliance 'mid the clouds above,
 As fades away the light of day,
 Like the parting glance of deathless love ;
 Silent as that remembered time,
 When nought is said, but much is meant,
 When love's last glance is backward sent,
 As full of phantasies sublime,
 As hope's illusive firmament.

XIX.

Harold approached the grove once more,
 Where Rosaline was seen before,
 And listened to each breezy note —
 Each breath of song that was afloat.

But she was absent — all was missing
That he so anxiously had sought.
He halted there ; a breeze was kissing
The leaves above — he heard it not.
The katadid and whip-poor-will,
Sang in the sombre woodland near ;
But all was vacant — all was still.
He had no soul, no eye, no ear,
For aught in such a time as this,
Save one dear, absent form of bliss.

XX.

Harold then turned him through the shade,
And travelled up to her abode,
Expecting all along the road
To overtake the lingering maid.
A servant at the mansion door,
Said she had left an hour before.
“ Adown yon broomwood dell she went ;
‘ T is her accustomed evening route.”
The moon was shining softly out ;
Her radiance, with shadows blent,
To all the teeming landscape lent
A robe of splendor unsurpassed ;
Thin, fleecy clouds were gliding fast
Athwart her ever-changing disk,
And playful shadows seemed to frisk
Like things of life, along the plain,
With all their dim and voiceless train.

XXI.

Harold with eager steps pursued
His path, meandering through the glade ;
Halting at every turn he made,
Lest the fair vagrant might elude
His fond pursuit ; he scrutinized
Each dusky shrub, with searching glance ;
Started at every bush surprised ;
Gazed on the many-hued expanse,
Through which his pathway seemed to lead ;
At length he saw — 't was she indeed !
Lost in a dream of love perchance.
She gazed a moment — “ ha, 't is you ! ”
She spoke with voice and visage too ;
“ Indeed, I half began to fly,
Deeming some thing unlovely nigh.”

XXII.

Harold drew closer to her side ;
The moon shone full upon her face ;
He saw her breathing lips divide
When speaking. Oh what melting grace
Within her every feature dwelt !
Her sentences might well be spelt,
Before he heard a sound depart ;
Her eyes were but an autograph,
In the hand-writing of the heart.
But who can tell or sing of half
The captivating graces mingled
Into one blissful focus there ?
The gathered charms are lost, when singled,
That help compose a thing so fair.

Her features were an alphabet,
 Where all the characters were set
 Which enter in the name of love,
 As spelt on earth, or spelt above.
 And Oh ! that name was penned in light,
 More brilliant for so sweet a night.

XXIII.

So thought our Harold, as he gazed
 In mute delight ; he would have praised
 The beauty of that charming one ;
 But language — he could think of none.
 Words — what are words in such a time ?
 However tender or sublime,
 They seem but common-place and tame ;
 The meanings of the heart are deep,
 And often in the bosom sleep,
 Without an echo or a name.
 Oh ! could the soul epitomize
 Volumes of feeling in one word —
 Or could one melting strain comprise
 All the wild echoes that have stirred
 The heart,— angels might stoop to hear
 The language of this lower sphere.

XXIV.

“ Yes, it is I,” at length he spoke,
 And the bewildering silence broke.
 “ Rosa ! then you remember yet
 The stranger tempted from his way,

To hear your song the other day.

'T is three long weeks since there we met ;
The stars have walked with tardy pace,

Since I beheld your lovely face.

Why do you wander here alone,

When all the light of day is flown ?

The stars are beautiful, 't is true ;

But I supposed that things like you

Were timid of a place so wild,

And sought a shelter from the dew

And gloom of night." The maiden smiled :

" Oh no ! there is no cause for fear ;

Sometimes a wolf will venture near,

And hide himself behind the fern,

To look at me, and then will turn

Back to his native woods again,

Or skip away across the plain.

XXV.

It seems to me that all around

Was made to love — the earth and sky —

All the bright things that wander by,

And every whisper — every sound

Is full of joy ; but most of all,

I love to roam at set of sun,

When twilight shadows softly fall,

And watch the stars, as one by one

They open their bright eyes on earth ;

They seem so full of joy and mirth !

How tranquilly they come and go

Along that soft expanse together,

Untroubled by the stormy weather
And strife that vex our world below.
See how the moon is playing now
Among those clouds,— how soft— how sly !
Look, how she half unveils her brow,
And in that golden nook delays,
Kissing the clouds that wander by,
Tinging their locks with silvery rays !”

XXVI.

Harold stood shifting silent glances,
Now at the maid — now at the moon,
Mistrusting that they both would soon
Dwindle away to playful fancies.
Never that moon so brightly shone,
And Rosa’s glance so sweet had grown,
Scarcely he deemed a thing so fair
Could really breathe the common air.
Only his eye had yet surveyed
Her form — he feared he was betrayed.
At length he dared to touch her hand,
Then press it gently in his own ;
Was anything so soft, so bland !
Never before his heart had known
Such thumpings ; ha ! what were a crown ?
And what were riches and renown ?
They would not tempt him to resign
The trembling hand of Rosaline.

XXVII.

“ Then you admire the stars,” said he ;
“ I oft have watched these things of light
Circling their blue immensity,
Until I loved the spangled night,
More than the open day ; ‘t is well
That day should come along in turn,
For night perhaps would lose its spell ;
The moon and stars would cease to burn
With so much beauty and romance,
If no bright sun should ever range
The same expanse ; it is the change
From day to night that charms the eye ;
We find delight in novelty.

XXVIII.

But there is one bright star, my dear,
Just where the sunset melts away,
Half made of night, and half of day ;
And like yourself, it wanders near
All lovely things, and from them brushes
The sweetest of their tints and blushes,
To deck itself ; ‘t is Beauty’s star.
Look now where yonder mountains are,
She sinks unto her evening rest.
When day along the blushing west
With twilight interchanges smiles,
She waits one golden hour between,
To drink the beauty of the scene ;
Then hastens down her streaming aisles,
And leaves the stars without a queen.

Then all night long the heavens are glowing
 With wandering fires, and Cynthia pale
 Scatters her beams o'er hill and dale;
 Soft winds are blowing — streamlets flowing,
 And with their drowsy lullaby,
 Charming to sleep the drowsy eye.

XXIX.

No wonder that the bards and sages,
 Who thought and felt in by-gone ages,
 Who mused and sang the livelong night
 On Egypt's tower, Chaldea's height,
 Should catch the hum of rolling years,
 And talk of music in the spheres.

But Rosa, sing a song again,
 Like that you chanted when I found you;
 So soft the echoes fell around you,
 I deemed some seraph from above
 Was chanting in that tuneful grove.”
 She raised her hand to brush aside
 Her truant locks — and then complied.

XXX.

SONG.

Come away, come away, where the wild waves play
 Along the murmuring sea,
 And the billows roar, on the sounding shore,
 Come Lassie, come with me.

Dost thou hear? dost thou hear? there is music, my
 dear,
 In all the blasts that blow;

In our rock-built grot they shall harm us not,
We will smile at the storm below.

When tempests awake, and loud surges break,
Upon the farthest lea,
Thou shalt fear no harm, for this sheltering arm
Would buffet waves for thee.

Though dark be the skies, I can see in thine eyes
The light of innocent bliss ;
And thy dearest smile — Oh ! 't is sweeter while
I view a storm like this.

Then away, then away, where the wild waves play,
Along the murmuring sea,
And the billows roar on the sounding shore ;
Come Lassie, come with me.

XXXI.

Ah ! now, that witching minstrelsy —
Those raven locks — those speaking eyes !
What is the flaunting drapery —
The tinsel glory of the skies ?
Those travelling wonders overhead,
Those flickering, fading, dying fires, —
What boots it how their lamps are fed,
Through what celestial halls they 're led,
Or though each dazzling blaze expires !
The earth may dwindle to a speck,
The firmament dissolve in tears,
Sun, moon, and stars may go to wreck,
With all the music of the spheres ;

Let Beauty's melody remain,
And love shall ask no other strain.

The universe, with all its light,
May blacken into starless night—
Her smile can light it up again.

XXXII.

She ceased ; the last sweet syllable
Floated away upon the breeze ;
Oh ! what a deep, bewildering spell,
What power to captivate, and please,
Is in one modulated breath !

The lover vows his heart away,
The warrior courts the field of death,
The reprobate kneels down to pray,
Despair forgets awhile to weep,
Sorrow cheers up her brow of sadness,
Life wakes into a thing of gladness,
And death becomes a peaceful sleep,
Without a murmur or a sigh,
When Music's breath is floating by.

XXXIII.

“ Mother,” said Rosa, smilingly,
“ The stars looked down beguilingly,
And all the landscape was so gay,
I could not sooner come away.”

A blush was on her artless face :
Harold ! that blush belonged to you ;
The stars were guilty in the case,—
But you had been a loiterer too.

XXXIV.

They found awaiting their return
A rich repast, where chinis shone,
As if an heir to England's throne
Were come ; Duquesne had yet to learn
What were the humble pedigree
And the credentials of his guest.

The evening passed right merrily,
And Harold now among the rest,
Was free to parlance, and to jest ;
His face one moment glowed in thought ;
The next, contracted in a smile ;
And there was something in his style
Of open faith, that had been caught
From nature's simple phraseology,
And truth's unvarnished etymology,
That won an equal confidence
From beauty and from common sense.

XXXV.

They scarcely questioned whence he came ;
He was familiar with the fame,
Of olden heroes, and conversed
Right fluently of ancient time,
And with a kindling brow, rehearsed
The deeds of glory and of crime,
That swept along the eastern world,
When Greece and Rome were in their prime ;
How despotism was often hurled

From pinnacles of lofty pride,
 Into oblivion's common grave,
How freedom's children oft belied
 The land their fathers died to save.

XXXVI.

It were but tedious to relate
His track through each successive date.
His visits duly were repeated,
Unto the mansion; swiftly fleeted
Those hours of intercourse away,
And left him many a weary day.
With time-consuming dreams he cheated
The lazy weeks, until he greeted
The dear, romantic girl again.
Love has been likened to a chain,
Which beauty warily throws round one;
And when she has but loosely bound one,
Each smile and look but binds him faster,
 Till he becomes a hopeless slave,
And Beauty is completely master.
 So every glance that Rosa gave
Trammeled our lover's heart the mor
However much enthralled before.
Once on a lovely autumn's eve —
 The fondest, most congenial time
For restless love to joy or grieve —
 He muttered forth his soul in rhyme.

XXXVII.

TO ROSALINE.

The woodland orchestra is near,
With symphonies almost divine ;
But I had rather, rather hear
The sweeter songs of Rosaline.

Within the grove, I often see
A beautiful, defenceless vine,
So full of grace and modesty,
It makes me think of Rosaline.

How fondly its confiding arms
Around some guardian oak entwine ;
I would be guardian of thy charms,
Thou ever-charming Rosaline.

When summer brings refreshing showers,
And genial suns alternate shine,
Sweet are the flowers, the dewy flowers,
But not so sweet as Rosaline.

Let Flora all her blossoms gay
Into an amaranth combine,
To deck the flowery month of May,—
She cannot rival Rosaline.

The Orcads by poets seen,
The Driades and Muses nine,
And all the nymphs, are fair, I ween,
But not so fair as Rosaline.

There is a language in her eye
Which eloquence cannot define ;
And language dwindleth to a sigh
Before thy glance, sweet Rosaline !

XXXVIII.

To one acquainted with the style
Of social life, it is confessed,
Harold became a doubtful guest.
He still enjoyed the maiden's smile,
And he was still a happy stranger
Unto his own declining fame ;
He did not know his real danger,
But deemed her guardians still the same,
Were partial to his suit ; 't is true
Their words of courtesy were few, —
But this was well ; it was his choice
To listen to a sweeter voice.

XXXIX.

A wealthy suitor had arrived ;
Duquesne, who knew him well, connived
At every blemish, every fault ;
'T is opulence that can exalt
A knave to dignity and worth.
Should angels emigrate to earth,
Unless they dwelt in palaces,
And shone in gold, from day to day,
Like splendor's gilded votaries,
They might abide till they were gray,
And pass at last unknown away.

XL.

Is all that glitter naught to thee,
Young Rosaline ? dost not thou see
Those powdered curls,— that gay attire ?
Dost not thou see thy frowning sire ?
Then why bestow thy care to-night
Upon that same unpolished wight ?
'T is true he has an eagle eye ;
 His locks, like thine, are dark,
And in his face you may descry
 A something eloquent ; — but hark !
The flatterer's voice ! dost not thou hear ?
Thy miniard knight would interfere ;
For he is jealous of thee now.
That winning smile — accomplished bow —
Those polished boots — just look at them !
Dost thou not see the flaunting gem,
Studding the ring upon his finger ?
Then why should thy soft glances linger
 On the young hermit ? all in vain ;
The unsuspecting charmer still
Conversed with him alone, until
 Mamma had beckoned her away,
For private counsel, one may guess.
 Her countenance was not so gay,
But had not lost its loveliness,
 As she returned, and took a chair,
 Beside the youth with powdered hair.
His voice was like a zephyr bland ;
 His phiz put on a gallant air ;
With nodding head and waving hand

He 'gan to prate — but prate of what ?
Of earth, or heaven, it mattered not.

Rosa but answered yea and nay,
Just as the cadence seemed to lean
Of each remark ;— her thoughts, I ween,
Were leaning all another way ;

For she would raise her truant *een*,
By lashes half concealed from view ;—

Reader ! if such have gazed on you,
You will not wonder at the glow

Which kindled Harold's face the while,
But pleasures only come to go ;
Harold himself ere long shall know,
How mutable is fortune's smile.

CANTO III.

I.

“ RAISE me once more, that I may gaze,
Upon the fading world below
Before I go ; my memory strays
Back to the scenes of other days.

I fain would tell thee all ;— but no !
Mark how these lips are growing pale ;
This is the hue of death, my son.
The sands of life are almost run ;
My pen alone shall tell the tale,
Which thou hast often sought to hear.
Harold ! thou hast been ever dear ;
I pray that heaven may befriend
A child so dutiful, and lend
All that can bless thy future years —
The smiles of earth, without its tears.
But ah ! this is a doubtful prayer ;
For joy is blended here with grief ;
And dark perplexity and care,
Shorten a life, at longest, brief.

And even pleasure must lament
Her winged hours too quickly spent ;
And mourn to think that all her mirth
Shall die away from this green earth.
Study, my child, to be content
With what thy destiny has given ;
And for the rest confide in heaven."

II.

He said no more ; the chill of death
Was on his brow ; with labored breath
He struggled to the goal of life.

Harold beheld a sudden change
Creep o'er his features ;— Oh ! how strange,
How full of mystery, the strife,
When fettered thought breaks loose from clay,
And soars voiceless, unseen away !
One lingering glance— and all is o'er ;
Those eyes shall never kindle more ;
And where the pent-up spirit gleamed
Forth from its darkling tenement,
Where windows of expression seemed
Shaped for that heavenly resident,—
The curtains of decay are drawn ;
All now is dark,— the tenant gone.

III.

Ye only who have been bereft
Of a confiding friend, can tell
How mingling love and fancy dwell
Around the pallid semblance left

Of beauty, and diviner thought.
The face is dull which lately caught
An inspiration from your own ;
Alas ! how vacant now and lone,
The sanctuary that enshrined
The beautiful, the Godlike mind.
Friendship and love were wont to come,
And supplicate responses here,
But now their oracle is dumb,
Their temple desolate and drear.

IV.

His life had been a gradual waste
For weeks, and Harold mutely traced
Each fearful symptom of decay,
And watched incessant by his side.
His eye had brightened up to-day,
As he conversed, at eventide,
Of those far regions of the blest,
Where he would shortly be at rest.
He gazed upon the quiet sky,
With its eternal depths of blue,
And spoke of immortality.
And when retiring day withdrew,
He seemed impatient to pursue
The glory, in its visioned flight,
Unto a land of cloudless light.
Fainter, and fainter vision grew,
Darkened by shadows from the grave,
'T was then one cheerful look he gave,
And breathed to earth a last adieu.

V.

Harold now pressed the slackened hand,
 That late had fondly clasped his own ;
 'T was long ere he could understand
 That life and thought had really flown.
 He whispered with an anxious tone,
 " My father ; " but no voice replied ;
 He pushed the clustering locks aside,
 And felt his brow ; 't was cold in death.
 He stooped and listened :— not a breath —
 Not one faint stir of life was there.
 A quick, involuntary prayer
 Burst from his lips ; a vague delight
 Came o'er his spirit, like a dream ;
 He heard the music of a stream ;
 He gazed upon the face of night ;
 The shadowy semblance of a ghost
 Seemed on the verge of heaven to coast ;
 And half he deemed the murmuring
 Of that far streamlet, was its own.
 It sped away with shapeless wing,
 Like cloud before the tempest blown.
 He was not credulous, but now
 There seemed around him visions strange ;
 Reason and meditation bow
 To mystery and sudden change.

VI.

Morning with wonted light arose,
 Flushing the earth with smiles again ;
 Waking the birds from their repose.
 Alas ! they carol now in vain !

Sing on to-day, ye happy ones ;
Earth, with its rising, setting suns,
Its boundless canopy of blue,
Its hills and dales—is all for you.
Sing on to-day, and do not borrow
A note of sadness from the morrow.
No dark foreboding can destroy
Your ecstasy of present joy.
You have, no doubt, your little grief ;
 You lose your playmates and your flowers,
 And death is yours, as well as ours.
Yet their remembrance is but brief ;
One plaintive lay, and then away ;
The world is wide, the fields are gay.
You are but things of earth, and find
 The music of your being here.
You have no future, like mankind ;
 You have not learned to drop a tear.

VII.

He stood beside the dead, alone ;
No friend was near with kindly tone,
To mingle blessed tears with his ;
The overpowering mysteries
Of life and death upon him weighed.
He started from himself, afraid ;
Existence seemed a blind fatality,
Half made of dreams and half reality.
Cold was the hand that shaped his toys
In childhood ; gone, the hallowed joys

Of intercourse and filial trust.
 Could tears reanimate the dust,
 And summon the dear fugitive
 To earth again,— Oh ! God forgive
 The selfishness that would entice
 The spirit from its paradise !

VIII.

He scooped a grave beneath a willow,
 As had been taught ; and there he laid
 The head upon its final pillow.
 In silent agony he stood,
 Leaning upon his weary spade.
 A sense of coming solitude
 Oppressed him ; long his hand delayed
 The last sad office — “ *dust to dust :* ”
 Such the mysterious mandate given —
 Here then, Oh ! earth, take back thy trust,
 Since Thou remandest thine, Oh ! Heaven.

IX.

The hermit had a private desk,
 Where he had often fellowshipped
 With his own thoughts. A long burlesque
 On human vanity was there,
 With sundry tales in prose and verse,
 Which time would fail us to rehearse.
 Harold perused with anxious care,
 And passed them all unheeded by,
 Until the following met his eye.

X.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

This friendly pen ere long will fall
 Forever from my trembling hand ;
Soon a dark messenger will call,
 And warn me to the spirit-land.
My son, before I further roam,
 And go to seek another home,
I haste to tell from whence I came —
 A short, but melancholy tale —
 And push aside the mystic veil
That long has hung about my name.
 Before this history shall greet
Your eyes, these faltering lips shall close ;
 This dötard heart shall cease to beat,
And sleep in undisturbed repose,
 Within the only sure retreat
From mortal cares and mortal woes.

XI.

Far, far from this Hesperian shore,
 I dreamed away a youth of bliss ;
The billows of an ocean roar
 Between that sunny spot and this.
Old Scotia's wild, romantic mountains
 All towered before my infant view ;
Her shady groves and sunny fountains,
 Her crystal lakes and pearly rills,
 The matchless beauty of her hills,
Are still within my memory new.

In those young days, I loved full well
 To ramble through each mountain dell,
 And visit every haunted rock,
 And every legendary loch
 That had a wizard's tale to tell.

xii.

My father had enough of what
 The world calls wealth; fortune had not
 Gilded my lineage with renown,
 But it had showered contentment down
 Around that early domicile.
 I was a student — lived alone,
 And scarcely cared to gain a smile
 From any being except one.
 That *one* — yes, Harold, I have loved —
 She was a dream of heaven to me.
 Alas! she has too sadly proved
 A dream, and short reality.
 An inspiration haunts the spot,
 Where first we met. She was a child
 Of nature, and her mountain cot
 Was far in Caledonia's wild.

xiii.

Oh! sweeter than the drappin' dew,
 And gentler than the summer breeze
 That gangs to kiss the whispering trees,
 Till lost itself in sighs, — she grew,
 Before my vision when a boy.
 Her glancin' een were full of joy,

Her hair in bonny ringlets curled
 Upon her brow ; her lips of bliss
 Seemed always breathing with a kiss.
 The wealth and glory of a world
 Were all forgotten by her side.
 Though beautiful, she knew no pride.
 She had not been with riches blest,
 Virtue and truth were her bequest.

XIV.

But when her humble parentage
 Was known, my father, in a rage,
 Declared my title abrogated
 To patrimony or regard
 By such an amour ; — it was hard,
 Friendless to wander forth, and hated,
 Into a world so little known ;
 But love has a persuasive tone.
 Threats and remonstrances were vain ;
 I knew no wealth but my dear Jane.
 A thousand patrimonies were
 A beggared fortune without her.

XV. :

Poverty stared me in the face ;
 I tore me from the fond embrace
 Of love, until I might repair
 My fortunes : joined the noisy crowd —
 Entered the ranks of commerce, where
 Competitors were fierce and loud,

And toiled and schemed for gold — alas !
That human schemes must often pass
For dreams — like them, unrealized !
I found myself unpatronized ;
Unversed in fraud, unskilled in trade,
And years of honest toil repaid
With indigence and cold distrust.
Oh ! God, benevolent and just,
Is virtue's guerdon but a tear ?
There surely is another sphere
To vindicate Thy providence,
Where truth shall meet a recompense,
After a world of failure here.

XVI.

I had no wish except to gain
A competence for love and Jane ;
And all my pride at length subdued,
I sought her mountain solitude,
Where even poverty was dear,
If I might live in her caress,
And drink her smile of tenderness.
But rumor met me on the way,
That grieving long for my delay,
She had at length despaired of love,
And veiled her in the convent cell.
The tidings on my spirit fell,
As if a thunderbolt from Jove !
I cowered a moment in despair ;
But it was fraud that placed her there ;
Not human sanctions, or divine,
Could alienate what once was mine.

XVII.

I found at length the distant dome
Which she had made her fatal home.
Alas ! the abbess shook her head,
The Caledonian nun was dead.
What horrors of regret, Oh God !
 Impelled my soul to madness then !
 'T was long ere reason came again ;
Far in an unknown wild I trod,
 Not knowing why, nor whence I came.
Again my native skies looked blue ;
The world resumed its olden hue,
 And sunshine slept upon the lea,
 And rivers glided to the sea ;
And mountains towered, and billows rolled ;
But all were desolate and cold.
 There was no beauty left for me,
Save the remembrance of the past.
Reason returned, I dared at last
To gaze upon the mountain wild,
Where Jane had lived and loved and smiled.

XVIII.

'T was like the rainbow hues that throng
 The retrospection of a dream.
All mournfully I roamed along,
 Beside the woodland and the stream,
And gazed upon the vacant dell,
Where we had breathed our last farewell.
I stood beside her cottage door ;
All things around an aspect wore

Mysterious—but lovely still.
There was the grove, and there the hill,
Which her dear eyes had gazed upon.
There were the garden and the lawn
Where hand in hand we oft had strayed;
And there the elm, with whispering shade,
Where Jane in infancy had played.

XIX.

I wept—for stranger forms were there;
There was a cold, forbidding air,
In every countenance I met;
Vainly I struggled with regret,
And cursed the hour that saw me part
From the sole idol of my heart;
And cursed the demon who had driven
 The angel of my dreams away.
 But I have learned at length to pray
That even *he* may be forgiven.

XX.

I breathed the name of Jane aloud,
 When suddenly there seemed to glide
 A gentle being to my side;
Her cheeks were pale, as if the shroud
Of death had mantled all their bloom.
It was my Jane; and from the tomb
Methought the apparition came!
She gazed a moment—shrieked my name,
Her arms around my neck entwined;
Distraction hurried on my mind.

Mysterious heaven ! and could it be ?
She opened her dark eyes on me —
She spake — “ Alfred, you come again ! ”
I may not tell — for words are vain —
The rapture of that melting hour.
Though frosts of grief had changed my flower,
It still was Jane — it still was mine.

She lived and loved ; her tale was brief ;
A prey to outrage and to grief,
She had been driven to the shrine
Of virgin faith ; but even there,
What will not human passion dare ?
The ribald wound his serpent track,
And plotted guilt too dark, too black
For me to tell, or you to hear.
She found no virtue to revere, —
No refuge in devotion’s fane,
And hastened to her home again.

XXI.

Alas ! her parents, broken-hearted,
Had to their final home departed ;
But still her spirit fondly clung
Unto the scenes of childhood, where
In better days she lived and sung ;
And it was now her only prayer,
To live concealed and die unknown ;
For all her fondest hopes were flown.
She had despaired of my return.
None knew she lived, and none could learn

Her sorrow, or her beauty, save
The tenants of that humble cot ;
And soon she hoped to find a grave
With none but them to mark the spot.

XXII.

All that I knew, or thought, or dreamt
Of Paradise — of deathless grace,
Was in her mien, and in her faee.
But love itself cannot exempt
Its darling from the common lot.
We longed to find some favored spot,
Unknown to human artifice,
Where poverty and toil were not
The enemies of earthly bliss.
We gathered up our paltry gear,
And sought this western hemisphere.

XXIII.

A hectic flush had tinged her cheek
For weeks, with an unwonted glow :
It told us what we dared not know,
Or had not dared, at least, to speak.
Consumption, fatally, but slow,
Was stealing life and hope away.
I fondly hoped the freshening spray
And breath of ocean might restore
The glow of youth and health once more.
The day was fine ; we stepped on deck,
And watched the fast receding shore,
Until it dwindled to a speck,

And Scotia's mountains, towering high,
Mingled at length with sea and sky.

Jane could not all repress a tear ;
The sunny isle of home was dear ;
I kissed that tear away, and pressed
The dear one closer to my breast.

“ There's music in the dashing wave ;
Look forth, my love, upon the sea ;
And charmed by ocean melody,
Forget that earth contains a grave.”

XXIV.

“ Alfred ! I ever loved the roar
Of ocean ; but I love it more,
Now that your bosom is my pillow.

Oh ! I could ride the surging billow
Forever, and forget the shore ;
Forget all else except your smile ;
Or could we find some little isle
In the far deep — no matter where —
It were a heaven if you were there.

’T is sad to think of early years —
Of parents gone, who blessed me then,
And yet for them I have no tears ;

I soon shall welcome them again.
I grieve to leave you here below ;
I fear the world will never glow
With joyous light, when I am gone.

I fear the music of the sea,
The melodies of night and morn,
Will pass away and die with me,

Oh ! promise me that you will not
 Give place again unto despair ;
 I only seek a happier spot
 In paradise, and wait you there.
 I would no turf should guide your feet
 With vigils to my grave ;
 But let this bosom slumber deep
 In the untrodden wave.
 Then think of me as one who ranges
 That tranquil shore,
 Where storms of grief and human changes
 Molest no more."

XXV.

Her prophecy was but too true ;
 Half of our voyage done — she died,
 And left me none to love but you ;
 She sleeps in the unfathomed tide.
 Cold are the murmuring blasts that sweep
 Over her long and dreamless sleep ;
 But wintry winds cannot molest
 The dear unconscious sleeper there ;
 No tumult breaks her peaceful rest —
 Away from grief, away from care ;
 She sleeps in holy calm at last,
 The storms of life forever past.

XXVI.

Beyond the boundaries of time,
 In the deep quiet of the sky,
 There surely is another clime,
 Where hope may turn her longing eye.

Inhabitant of some bright spot,
 By more benignant breezes fanned,
 Oh! tell me, in the spirit land
 Are old affections all forgot ?
 Tell me, do you remember now,
 The joy which early love bequeathed ?
 Have you abjured that sacred vow
 Which once on earth, you fondly breathed ?
 My God ! forgive thine erring child,
 If he thy purpose wrongly scan ;
 If by some meteor light beguiled,
 He wander from thy glorious plan.

XXVII.

Shall beauty breathe a purer air,
 And blossom in a deathless clime —
 And Oh ! to love the pure and fair,
 Is it in paradise a crime ?
 Shall kindred hearts ne'er meet again,
 In regions of eternal day ?
 Must love forever ask in vain,
 The friends that death has snatched away ?
 If this were all my being gave,
 I would not ask to further roam,
 But well contented with the grave,
 Would make it my eternal home.
 Thrice welcome then, oblivion dark ;
 Let Lethe's flood forever roll
 And quench the last reluctant spark,
 That lingers in this longing soul.

XXVIII.

Eternal Sovereign, on whose power
 Hang all the destinies of being,
 Omnipotent, All-wise, All-seeing !
 Dispel the gloom of my last hour ;
 Give me a cordial trust in thee ;
 If billows rise, if tempests lower,
 'T is Thine to calm the troubled sea.
 Oh ! calm the waves that roll
 Darkly around my soul,
 And light me to Eternity.

XXIX.

Years, silent years have glided by
 Since first I saw your laughing eye
 Open unconscious on my woe.
 I could not tell ; you could not know
 Our common loss ; a mother's breast
 Has never cherished you, my boy ;
 Paternal lips alone have pressed
 Your cheek, glowing with infant joy.

XXX.

Far in this woody solitude,
 A vacant habitation stood ;
 It had been tenanted before ;
 A footpath led unto the door.
 A little orchard, and parterre,
 Told that the white man had been there
 But not a trace was left to tell
 The tenant's name, or what befel.
 Harold, it was this very cell !

From time to time, I brought by stealth,
These books, and these utensils here;
These volumes were the only wealth
That Scotia left me, save a tear.
I wrapped you in my highland plaid,
And left the domiciles of men.
You was a little prattler then;
And when my heart was lone and sad,
Your playful converse made me glad.

* * * *

XXXI.

Here we will pause, nor further cite
The story of the eremite,
The sequel has been duly told;
The face of man to him was cold,
And loveliness a fragile flower
Blossoming only for an hour.
An ignorance of both he taught,
The *summum bonum* to his child;
The young disciple had been brought,
And nurtured in that mountain wild.
But social fancy had leaped over
The narrow creed — the mountain's height:
Beauty had met him when a rover,
And made his heart a proselyte.

CANTO IV.

I.

LET us again our theme renew;
There is an end to every story,
If you will only read it through;
And life itself is transitory.
There is an end to love and glory,
All that the glorious stars behold,
In their eternal round;—
All that the mantling heavens enfold;
Ay, all that busy man has found
And piled upon this little ball.
Splendor, and fame, and riches all,
Shall vanish like a tale that's told.

II.

'T is night. Voices of merriment
Are mingling in the village hall,
Where beauty trips the mazy dance
And tapers pendent from the wall
A most enticing glow have lent,

Unto her fairy countenance ;
And many a well decyphered glance
Is meaningly and coyly sent
Backward and forward, in the throng.
Splendor and fashion glide along
With shifting pace, as meteors chase
Each other, through a northern sky.
But who is she with downcast eye,
Who seems a very stranger there ?
Her cheek is fair, and passing fair,
And wins a tributary sigh
From every youth who passes by.

III.

Her glance, so innocent and tender,
Is beautiful in sadness even :
As oft the saddest brow of heaven,
Is circled by a rainbow splendor.
But wherefore sad, in such an hour,
With revelry and music teeming,
When every heart at least, in seeming,
Is bending to their magic power ?
And who is he with visage bland,
Who takes her hesitating hand,
And leads her through the dance to-night ?
It is not Harold — then, the light
Were kindled in her vacant eye.
But now she is a thing alone ;
She joins the crowd, scarce knowing why :
Music has an unmeaning tone.

IV.

It is not thine, gay flatterer,
To animate that vacant gaze ;
You cannot light her eye with praise ;
True, you may win a smile from her,
But ask no more of Rosaline.

Ask not the homage of a sigh ;
It never, never can be thine ;
'T is more than flattery can win,
'T is more than gold can ever buy.
You cannot read the soul within —
The smothered, pent-up longings there ;
There is no index to declare
To such as thou, what deep intent,
What meanings that are only meant,
Haunt the unspoken dream of thought.
An image by reflection caught,
May play one moment on the face,
Then pass away, and leave no trace.
A smile may cover up a tear ;

A cheerful countenance may beam
With light, when light is blazing near.

Like sunshine on a gushing stream,
'T is only a reflected glow
Upon the troubled wave below.
Oh ! call not thine the eye downcast,
Upon a vision of the past ;
Nor deem a formal smile can be
A pledge of sympathy to thee.

V.

Such was the merriment that night,
When suddenly a stranger entered ;
In such a mystic garb bedight,
That every eye on him was centred.
A visit has been lately paid
Unto the dwelling of the maid,—
She was not found, and he has strayed
To other villas, far and near,
Till ends his doubtful journey here.
He stands in silent wonder long,
And gazes on the painted throng,
Until his searching eyes discover,
Fair Rosa coupled with her lover.

VI.

Rosa, thou world of dear delight,
Dearer than light — dearer than song !
Dost thou not do thy Harold wrong,
To lavish on another wight
The heaven of thy smile to-night ?
Ah no ! if he could read aright
The meaning of that truant glance
That turns on him, it would gainsay
Each look that bends another way.
'T was in the middle of the dance ;
The minstrel swept his loudest lay,
When Harold ventured to advance,
And claim his partner in the play.
He knew no laws of etiquette,
Save those in nature's pastoral glee.

Where dancing winds and waters met,
And every visiter was free
To join the general revelry.

VII.

Rosa half took his hand, and half
Retiring, seemed to answer *no*.
She was engaged ;— a stifled laugh
Crept through the ranks, as Harold slow
Retreated, foiled from the emprise.
But who can paint that look of wo,
That fell on his despairing face !
That moment sundered all the ties
That bound him to the human race.
Could Rosa love another leman ?
Then he must be a very demon,
And had assumed an angel guise,
To dazzle her confiding eyes.
He oft had met the rival youth,
Till half he doubted Rosa's truth ;
Suspicion had been busy long,
With thoughts of coquetry and wrong ;
His jealous heart could little brook
Inconstancy, in word or look.

VIII.

A cold repulse ! his dream was past.
One lingering, chiding look he cast
On her, so false, so rashly loved ;
Then hurried wildly from the scene.
Beneath a midnight sky he roved ;

The stars looked down with altered mien,
 And the blue vault of heaven serene,
 Seemed an eternity of gloom ;
 As if the seal of sudden doom,
 That stamped his being with despair,
 Had fixed alike its impress there.

“ Oh ! Rosa, so divinely fair ;
 Yet lost — forever lost to me !
 Why have I learned to gaze on thee ?
 Why have I doated on thy smiles,
 And chased some tantalizing bliss,
 Through such a labyrinth of wiles,
 To find it end at length in this ?

IX.

A pennyless and hapless stranger,
 In this unfriendly world a ranger,
 I have no claim to beauty’s smile ;
 Companionless, I must beguile
 This life away ; let others live
 In all the luxury earth can give ;
 Let them pursue the vagrant pleasure
 And dance to every dulcet measure,—
 Lavish away a dreamy space,
 In love’s delectable embrace ;
 Thrice happy, if no mischief cling
 Unto the good they realize ;
 If disappointment never fling
 Its shadow o’er the sunny prize.

X.

But pleasure's little hour so brief,
Is long, for loneliness and grief;
The knell that breaks their revery,
Shall be a thing of joy to me.
And then, Oh ! then, as heaven is true,
And beauty shall again renew
Her bloom in some diviner sphere,
Rosa, though lost forever here —
Ah no ! perchance, she will relent,
While yet this blessed firmament
Is over us — but even then,
How could I trust her lips again ?
Away, away the fascination !
 Let me abjure the dear deceit !
 Not half so false — not half so sweet,
The syren's fabled incantation ;
 Not half so treacherous the glare
That lures the wanderer astray,
 That dances in the midnight air,
Then vanishes in gloom away.

XI.

Is there no respite for despair,
 And no oblivion for regret —
Is there no stream Lethean, where
 I yet may plunge me, and forget ?
Perchance, the flow of years will wear
 Her perjured impress from my soul ;
 And while hope ceases to cajole,

Why may not fondling memory cease
To treasure up her loveliness ?
But no, I cannot love her less ;
'T is death alone that can release
My baffled spirit from its dream.
But what if troubled thought plod on,
And still pursue the olden theme ?
Or what if light should never dawn
Upon the grave — and death should be
The sequel of our destiny ?
Whate'er the future has in store,
Whate'er I gain, whate'er I miss,
Better to risk it all, and more,
Than trust a world so false as this.

XII.

Here while the awful night is shaking
Its dewdrops down, like one awaking
From a delirious dream, I stand
And gaze, and gaze, on empty space.
All that was beautiful and grand,
Has lost its magic and its grace ;
Faint images of things that were,
Float through the void, and leave no trace.
And this is life — this shadowy stir —
This changing, fleeting, dim array
Of phantoms gathered yesterday,
And shapes the future has in keeping —
With outlines dark, I see them sweeping
Into the present — past arrears,
And omens too, of future tears.

XIII.

And this is life — this endless reaching
 After a shapeless, graspless vision,
 That waits before me in derision,
 And mocks me, while I stand beseeching
 Embraces, which it cannot give.
 Once, it was something more to live,
 Rosa was all my Paradise ;
 Eternity will not suffice,
 If that my being last the while,
 To quench the memory of her smile.
 But go, and dally with another ,
 Lavish on him your perjured blisses
 And take your fill of love and kisses.
 Yes, fair deceiver, go and smother
 The recollection of the past ,
 Bask in the sunshine of the present,
 While yet the skies above are pleasant,
 For heaven will send a storm at last.
 When friends desert, and hopes grow dim,
 Then haply you will think of him,
 Whom you so fatally betray ;
 And when I am far, far away,
 Lost to this trifling world, and thee,
 Drop a repentant tear for me.

XIV.

Earth is at best a dreary waste ;
 Far to the battle field I haste,
 Where death is soonest — noblest won.
 No post of danger will I shun,

But where the battle is the loudest,
 And where the shout of victory proudest,
 My track shall be to death and glory ;
 'T were sweet to leave a name in story :
 And there is sweet revenge in fame ;
 For Rosaline may read my name,
 And sigh, when I have laid me down
 On the green pillow of renown.

But if I fall, as thousands fall,
 Where destiny and glory frown,
 What boots it ? In this weary race
 He is most fortunate of all,
 Who finds an early resting place.

XV.

I know where starry banners wave
 Over the noble and the brave ;
 I know where stormy cannons roar ;
 Where many a hero finds a grave,
 By Carolina's distant shore.
 They say the fight is thickening,
 Far to the north of Camden's plain
 And vultures stoop with eager wing,
 Over the living and the slain.
 Then welcome to the cannon's rattle ;
 Yes, welcome ! if the smoke of battle
 Shall darken all the face of day,
 I'll go and mingle in the fray."

XVI.

He muttered a farewell beside
 His father's grave, and then he hied

O'er many a mountain, many a plain,
 Where ocean tributaries glide
 In silent grandeur to the main.

And as he roamed with pleasing awe,
 Where James with slow majestic tide,
 Meanders down the vale, he saw
 Some ravages of recent war.
 Hark ! through the long defile, there come
 Gushings of music nearer,
 And mingle now the stirring drum,
 And bugle, clearer, clearer !

XVII.

Banners upon the breeze are streaming,
 And bayonets in the sunshine gleaming ;
 But Harold hears no vultures screaming,
 Where vollied death has lately sped ;
 No bells are tolling
 Their solemn anthem for the dead ;
 No smoke is rolling
 In sooty columns overhead.
 He followed through the vale of Kent,
 And found the patriot army pent,
 Between two mingling tides (¹) that flow
 Into the marshy York below.

XVIII.

No wonder, as the sentry viewed
 His novel mien, and costume rude,
 He deemed our eremite a spy —
 Enquired his lineage and race,

And wondered at his strange reply.
 But Harold wore an honest face ;
 And conscious truth, and innocence,
 Were eloquent in his defence.
 He heard the warrior veterans tell
 Of carnage, where their brethren fell,
 In the long fight of liberty.
 He deemed it glorious to be free ;
 But scarcely knew what freedom meant,
 For he had never been a slave.
 Where glory led, he was content
 To share his fortune with the brave.

XIX.

He listened to the endless tramp
 Of horsemen, wheeling round the camp,
 The din of music, with the hum
 Of parlance, and the clamorous drum,
 Till their enchantment was no more.
 Again he cursed his jaded life ;
 He prayed to meet the stormy roar
 Of clashing arms, and furious strife.
 The novelty, and first display
 Of iron warfare, died away —
 Died on his fancy, and he strove
 With reason, and despairing love.

XX.

Look forth upon the boundless sea,
 Calm and unruffled now ;
 A smile, like that of infancy,
 Is playing on its brow.

Have you beheld it in the roar
 Of tempests, when the maddening spray,
 Borne on the ocean's breath away,
 Distilled like rain upon the shore,
 And watched the breakers, when at play,
 Along some promontory's verge,
 And seen them like a maniac leap
 Upon the rocks — then sink to sleep,
 Far down, beneath the eddying surge ?
 Have you beheld the heaving sea —
 The dark interminable ocean,
 Like an eternity in motion,
 Busy through its immensity ; —
 And gazed until your thoughts were lost
 In vastness, and your being tossed
 To an unutterable height,
 Of grandeur, and sublime delight ?

XXI.

Say, did you turn away, and mingle
 In the accustomed stir of men,
 And feel yourself a being single, —
 A stranger in their circle then ?
 Say, do you love the ocean ? — come
 And stand with me upon its brink ;
 A deep tranquillity shall sink
 Into your spirit, till the hum
 Of jarring cities be forgot ;
 For there is music in a calm,
 And silence has a mystic charm,
 Which hurricane and storm have not.

XXII.

Pace back and forward on the shore,
Where late you heard the breakers roar.
Lo ! the eternal sea is still ;
The fitful blast has blown its fill ;
The waves have rocked themselves to sleep,
In the low cradle of the deep.
How leisurely the breeze
Comes idling o'er the seas,
Ruffling the Chesapeake
With kisses, like the cheek
Of dimpled beauty, while
Relaxing in a smile.

XXIII.

Far to the south a lagging sail
Is wooing the reluctant gale ;
And cleaving yon horizon blue,
A fleet (²) is whitening into view ;
It is an armament of war,
Drifting from Indian climes afar ;
And northward, where the billows lave
 Our island mart of commerce, lo !
A proud armada (³) treads the wave,
 And rushes on her Gallic foe.
Banners disport upon the wind,
 And rudders plough the foaming main
Far in the furrowed wake behind,
 The cleft abyss recoils again.
Ah, not so soon the severed flow
 Of human sympathy shall close,

Where war hast left a track of woe,
Has sundered friends and mingled foes.

XXIV.

I hear the booming surges lashing
The sullen shore, with angry roar;
I hear the din of navies clashing
In furious fray, along the bay,
Where the young waters slept before;—
And the artillery of death,—
Like thunder, on the hollow breath
Of tempests, echoing long and loud,
Or bellowing from an open cloud.
And prow encounters prow
In stormy onset now:
Volleys cleave the rifted oak,
Spars are shivered by the stroke,
Of unseen thunderbolts, that hiss
Through storm and darkness, fire and smoke,
Over the fathomless abyss.
The living stumble o'er the slain,
And pour a flood of molten rain
In hurtling volleys on the foe,
Until the pitying night
Comes down to hide the fight,
And squadrons veer away,
Like mutilated monsters, slow,
From the uncertain fray.

XXV.

Oh man ! great in thy littleness ;
What giant elements confess
Thy sway, — what fabrications wait
Upon the fiat of thy will ;
How have ambition, pride and hate
Invented implements to kill !
Go count the dead, and talk of fame ;
Thou canst not count the widow's tears ;
Go leave the orphan, to proclaim
Thy prowess unto future years.

XXVI.

Now to the siege of York, for there
Warriors of every name repair,
Circling the battlement, as night
Gathers around a mountain's height ;
And the artillery of fight
Roars fearfully upon the foe,
Like whirlwinds in the vale below.
Not long such batteries can play
On parapet and palisade,
Before their might shall melt away.
The second parallel is made ;
While midnight blackens the expanse
Of night, beleaguering hosts advance,
Like tigers stealing on their prey.
Dire is the onset, full of dread ;
O'er abatis and bastion
Our hardy yeomanry are led,
With stealthy deed ; to-morrow's sun
Shall show the mischief they have done.

XXVII.

York with a heaving current flows
Unto an ocean of repose,

Propitious to the father land,
But turbulent to foes.

Vainly they launch upon her strand ;
The elements, in wild uproar, (4)

Frighten them backward to the shore.

“Now, heroes, to the charge once more !
On ! for the storm of battle lowers ;
On ! for the victory is ours.”

XXVIII.

Then Harold heard a general shout

Ring through Columbia’s wide domain ;
From tower and cottage it broke out ;

Infant and dotard caught the strain ;
Mountain and wood echoed it on :

“The fight is o’er,—the victory won !”

Then rose a lingering acclaim
As if from ages yet to come,
To thee, immortal Washington !

Ay, let it murmur with thy fame,
Till time itself be dumb.

XXIX.

He saw the hardy soldier greet
His wife and children with a tear,—
Saw brothers, sisters, lovers meet,—
After such peril, doubly dear.
While others found their olden mirth
In hamlet or in gilded dome,

He rambled o'er this cold, cold earth
Without a friend — without a home.
Small is the joy for him who strays
In a perpetual grove of flowers,
Who cannot call a flower his own ;
Cold as a moonbeam is the gaze
Of loveliness that is not ours.
When Harold listened to the tone
Of children in their play,
And heard the maiden's lay,
At sunset, die away,
Like past delight, upon his ear,
He felt how sacred and how dear
The home of innocent content.
He thought — Oh ! ever would he think
Of her, in every vision blent,
Till life seemed verging on the brink
Of utter, uncontrolled despair.
A phantom of regret,
Which he could ne'er forget,
Pursued his being everywhere.

XXX.

And other eyes, but none so bright
As those he left behind, were seen ;
He could have sunned him in their light,
But sadness threw a veil between.
His dream of fame was gone forever ;
He felt that he could mingle never,
In the dull round of common men,
And welcomed solitude again.

XXXI.

'T was in the flowery month of May,
As he by twilight strayed
Along his native glade,
E'er morn had brushed the dews away ;
Warblers with wonted melody
Chirped in his little nursery,
But weeds in wild luxuriance grew
Where he had planted corn and vine,
And herds of deer had broken through
The hedge, to crop his eglantine.
It seemed like fiction to behold
Those dear, romantic scenes of old,
Where grief and joy were blent together,
Like clouds and suns in April weather.

XXXII.

While gazing on the landscape green,
A form approached ; it was Duquesne !
He grasped young Harold's hand and stood
A space, in thoughtful attitude.
His words were strange ; " my son," said he,
" Dear as my daughter was to me, —
It is too late, — I chide you not ;
No, let the past be all forgot.
I long have roamed this rugged wild,
And sought for her, — my only child.
Her mother wept ; but well she knew
That Rosaline was safe with you.
Come home my children, yes, come home, —
Welcome to your paternal dome ;

For by the light of yonder heaven,
I swear that you are both forgiven.”

XXXIII.

His words were strange, and hard I ween,
Their import to divine ;
“ Fear not, my son,” resumed Duquesne ;
“ Say, where is Rosaline ? ”
“ Now by the light of yonder heaven
I know not where the maid may be ;
I only know that she was given
Unto another — lost to me.
’T was in the dance I saw her last ;
But memory maddens with the past ;
Frantic I plunged into the roar
Of battle ; but the storm is o’er.
I only know that she was dear ;
I only know that I am here,
Beside my father’s grave once more.”

XXXIV.

“ Then she is lost — some Indian crew
Have stolen away my darling then ;
Harold, my wealth belongs to you,
And well I deem the maiden too,
When you shall bring her back again.”
“ Talk not of wealth, by heaven ! ” he cried ;
“ Though she may be another’s bride,
Though I may perish by her side, —

Through storm and peril I 'll pursue,
 Unto the last, last brink of fate ;
 If death shall on her steps await—
 'T is all I ask to share it too."

XXXV.

He learned what might be learned, how she,
 Without a trace, had disappeared ;
 All that he hoped, all that he feared,
 Hung on one dread uncertainty.
 What wonder if the red man's hate
 Should darken to revenge, of late,
 Who saw his heritage, like smoke,
 Vanish before pale-faced renown ?
 While peace, like a majestic oak,
 Shaded the white man's dwelling place,
 It only scattered curses down
 Upon his injured race.
 But sure a savage must relent,
 When one like Rosa, innocent,
 Implored his clemency, and spare
 A thing so eloquent and fair.

XXXVI.

Harold had often with his sire
 Rekindled a December fire,
 To warm these tenants of the wood,
 And heard them talk of dance and game,—
 Rehearse their deeds of love and fame,
 Until he haply understood
 Much of their dialect and mood ;

He yet could trace a beaten track,
Which they pursued, when wandering back
Unto their thicker solitude.

XXXVII.

He followed through a long ravine,
Which the great spirit scooped between
Those mountain barriers of old
For his red children, we are told.

A far diversified campaign,
Skirted by distant hills of blue,
Lay like a picture full in view ;

He farther sought his path in vain.
'T was lost, and whither should he steer,
Through that unpruned, unknown expanse ?
He trusted to the loadstone, *chance* ;
'T was this that guided far and near
His pilgrimage, when rudely thrown
On human sympathy alone.

And he had learned to rush on fate,
Neither dejected, nor elate ;—
To brave with stoic fortitude,
The ills that he could not elude,
And with a cool regardless tread,
To follow where misfortune led.

XXXVIII.

And now, as from a careless dream,
He woke to startled energy ;
One thought alone — first, last, supreme,
Hurried him on like destiny.

To snatch the lovely fugitive
From cruel bondage, or a grave —
For this alone he prayed to live;
To hear her lips of music bless
The hand once slighted, stretched to save;
Oh! he already could forgive
Her, that she ever prized it less.

XXXIX.

As one about to launch away
Upon a trackless main, who knew
Some little isle of beauty lay
In the far deep, beyond his view,—
Without a pilot, or a chart,—
Would bid a lingering adieu
Unto the solid well known shore,
Anxious to go, but loath to part
From certainty,— Harold once more
Looked fore and aft, with fearful doubt;
Then shaped his uninstructed route.
He crept into a mossy grot,
When night descended in the glade;
If panthers prowled about the spot,
What matter? With his trusty blade
He slept secure and undismayed.

XL.

He woke impatient, for the day
Found a repast where genial May
Had scattered berries by the way.
The second sun had ceased to shine
Upon the tallest mountain pine,

When first he saw Kenhawya flow,
 With winding current far below.
 He wandered to a rocky steep,
 And saw the headlong waters leap,
 Far down a dark defile ;
 He pillow'd on their moonless brim,
 And the pale stars looked down on him,
 Till morning with a smile,
 Gleamed through the willows overhead ;
 Then followed on with lighter tread
 Where'er the zigzag current led.

XLI.

He was not all alone, for here
 Bevies of birds and troops of deer
 Companioned him, with dance and song ;
 Bitterns flapped heavily along ;
 Kingfishers swooped their finny prey ;
 The loon and heron soared away,
 Till lost in clouds ; the pheasant sprang
 Into some covert jungle nigh ;
 The mavis and the starling sang
 Their madrigals, as he went by.

XLII.

But hush ! some hunter is abroad,
 A fusil rings upon his ear,
 He slowly through the dingle trod,
 And spied a swarthy Indian near.
 An elk lay bleeding by his side ;
 His boat was haltered on the tide ;

Beyond the stream his wigwam stood,
Embowered in a delightful wood.
“Pale brother, if thy words be true,”
The savage spoke, “then my canoe
Be big for me and white man too.”
With skilful stroke he plied the oar,
And soon had reached the farther shore.

XLIII.

Harold, who sat astern the while,
Though sad, could scarce repress a smile ;
His ferryman with dusky limb,
And puny skiff, reminded him
Of Charon, wont with shadowy load,
To navigate the Stygian flood —
Struggling beneath the weight
Of unaccustomed freight,
If aught more ponderous than a ghost
Would voyage to the Elysian coast.

XLIV.

His young pappooses were at play,
Beside their cabin, swart and merry ;
And squaws were waiting to convey
Their venison across the ferry.
His hut, half buried in a hill,
Was rude, but hospitable still ;
A pelt hung loosely for a door,
The earth was taxed to form a floor.
Chairless he sat, like Islamite,
And beckoned to our weary wight,

To take a bearskin by his side.
 A copious banquet was supplied,
 They smoked the social calumet,
 And Harold took a grateful leave ;
 O'er copse, and dune, and rivulet,
 He rambled on till dusky eve.

XLV.

His tawny host had pointed out,
 To Powell's clan, (⁵) the nearest route ;
 But not a trace was caught of her,
 For whom he was a wanderer.
 Long was the journey, e'er he came
 Unto the Chieftain whom he sought ;
 He only knew his clan by fame.
 Some trifling present he had brought,
 To bribe his early confidence ;
 And when the warrior questioned whence
 He came, archly the youth replied,
 That since his noble sire had died,
 He thought to make his residence
 With his red brethren of the wood ;
 And he had left his hermitage,
 To pass his youth, and pass his age,
 With their sequestered brotherhood.

XLVI.

Powell, with scrutinizing eye,
 Gazed on the stranger for a space ;
 Harold had learned to mask a lie,
 Like others, 'neath an honest face ;

Nature had never taught, in sooth,
Such lesson to his infant mind ;
He had renounced her simple truth,
In his late parlance with mankind.

XLVII.

The Sachem bowed his frosty head,
And seemed at least to welcome him ;
He was becoming old, he said,
His feet were slow, his eyes were dim.
He once could run, but now must walk ;
He once had been the white man's foe,
And raised the mighty tomahawk,
To strike a desolating blow ;
But it was buried long ago,
Where half his comrades fell in vain.
“ The *Big Knives*, (6) like a hurricane,
That cuts down all things by the way,
Came o'er the mountain tops one day,
And thundered in the vale below ;
A thousand warriors bent the bow,—
But they shall never bend it more,
Until they chase the buffalo,
Upon that shadowy, far-off shore,
Where pale intruders cannot go.

XLVIII.

The *Man above us* (7) shook his head ;
A great east wind began to blow,
And tall canoes began to spread
Their wings, not many moons ago ;

And Red-coats came across the lake ;
 We looked, and saw your mountains shake,
 Because their gun was very loud ;
 For well the *Man above us* knew,
 That you are great, and we are few,
 And he is angry with the proud.
 He always loved the red man well ;
 For when the hungry mammoth came
 To *Big-bone-licks*, (⁸) and slew our game,—
 As we have heard our fathers tell,—
 This *Great Man* sat upon a hill,
 And scattered lightnings down, until
 All but the giant Bison fell.'

XLIX.

The youthful warriors were away,
 But soon returned from their forray.
 Mingo, their leader, young and bold,
 Of many a brave adventure told ;
 He knew the country, far and near,
 And Harold hoped from him to hear,
 If captive maiden had been seen ;
 But he was distant in his mien,
 And seemed suspicious that their guest
 Came on some errand unconfessed ;
 But not a hint from either fell ;
 For Harold kept his secret well.

He lingered long in dread suspense,—
 Deeming it wisdom to conceal
 What yet he doubted to reveal.
 At length he won the confidence

Of the young chief, and with him strayed
In each excursion that he made.

L.

“I go,” said he, one day ; “I go
To battle with a distant foe.
Pale Brother, you are brave and true ;
I have a word to speak with you.
My sister is a gentle squaw ;
She loves to hear you talk of war.
Cayuga came three moons agone,
And all my warriors woke at morn.
We know where *Big-Knives* plant their corn,
And elks upon the mountains run ;
We chased them to the rising sun ;
We heard the great Kenhawya roar
Behind, and cougers howl before.

LI.

But while we chased the elk and moose,
I looked and saw a *pale-faced squaw* ;
I looked again — her face was sweet ;
I saw her weep like a pappoose ;
I fed her with my corn, and meat ;
I wrapt her in my fur by night,
I guarded her till morning light ;
I made her drink the purest fountains ;
I brought her over weary mountains ;
I led her where the willows grew,
And placed her in my own canoe.

LII.

Cayuga went away, one morn ;
 I looked at noon ;— the squaw was gone.
 I swore — my warriors heard me swear —
 To bring her back, for she is fair.
 We smoked the pipe of peace before ;
 But now Cayuga is my foe.
 Stranger, to-morrow we shall go,
 To battle with this Sagamore.
 I have a word to speak with you ;
 I know your medicine (°) is true ;
 The pale-faced squaw is young and sad ;
 How shall I make her spirit glad ?
 What pledge or wampum must be paid ?
 How do the *Big-Knives* woo a maid ? ”

LIII.

Harold assumed a careless mien ;—
 'T was half a counterfeit, I ween,—
 And then, with lengthening face, replied,
 That the *young princess* pleased him much ;
 If she would deign to be his bride,
 His medicine was truly such,
 That he could win the pale-faced squaw,
 For Chieftain so renowned in war.
 He gave the Chief to understand,
 That maidens bless, with welcome hand,
 The hero most renowned in fight ;
 And he advised to fall by night,
 Upon Cayuga, unaware,
 And steal away the captive fair.

LIV.

While Mingo and his warriors fell
Upon the foe with startling yell,
Himself would prowl along and trace
The maiden to her hiding place ;
Because his face was pale, no doubt,
She would consent to venture out
By starlight, when he led the way.
Meantime the warriors should delay
In combat, till the break of day.
A hundred scalps would sure bewile
The maiden's most enchanting smile ;
And she would lose all other grief,
In love for such a daring chief.
He trusted — strange as it may seem —
 The chieftain trusted this device ;
He vowed that the pale stars should gleam
 Upon a mighty sacrifice,
Until a hundred scalps should tell
That he had fought Cayuga well.

LV.

Harold in haste withdrew. O bliss !
What moment half so full as this,
When first on the despairing eye,
The goal of every hope is nigh,
And the first intimation caught
Of one long lost and vainly sought ?
 A gush of overflowing tears —
 The tenderness of by-gone years —
Distracted him, while busy thought

Discussed the future; what was there ?
Oh ! every thing that soul could dare.
Rosa a captive, soon to be
Consigned to baser slavery ;
One arm for rescue, while his foes
Thick as the leaves of autumn rose !
'T was fearful odds — but blessed fate !
Not yet the game was desperate.

LVI.

Oh ! there is nothing fair and bright,
That does not sometime take its flight
And leave us lonely and forsaken ;
If toil and peril wait before us,
Let us go on, with trust unshaken ;
The canopy of heaven is o'er us ;
Some providence is surely there,
To guide the brave and guard the fair.
There is no treasure worth possessing,
But we must toil and fight to win it.
What, to the pampered, titled slave,
Is all that fortune ever gave ?
His unearned plenty is no blessing,
And beauty has no luxury in it.

C A N T O V.

I.

How beautiful the lingering light
Of sunset, as it melts away !
There's beauty everywhere, but night
Has more sublimity than day.
Day is the time to gather flowers,
And count the nimble-footed hours
That frolic down the vale of years,
As shadows down the landscape sail,
When sunny clouds are on the gale.
Night is the time to walk the spheres,
And gather fond imaginings,
From all imaginary things ;
The time, at least, to dream of wings,
And soar in visioned flight afar,
Into the blue abyss of thought,
Where fame like an eccentric star
Loses itself in daring flight,
And where a soaring glimpse is caught

Of what we might be — ah we might!
From the grand voyage we alight,
And sadly think of what we are.

II.

The sun in golden drapery sinking,
Had left the blushing occident,
And stars were to each other blinking,
Along the crowded firmament.
Trees with their dusky foliage,
Loomed heavily upon the view ;
Tall cedars that had dared the rage
Of many a mischief-teeming age,
Their dark and Gothic features threw
Athwart the star-bespangled blue ;
And lightnings with a fitful glare,
Lit the horizon, here and there,
Where unspent clouds were lagging still,
By the dark profile of a hill,
Midway to zenith towering ;
And unseen dews were showering
Their cool profusion on the trees ;
But Harold heeded none of these.

III.

He crept along ; Cayuga's tent
Was just before him in the wood.
Hard by, a hundred wigwams stood ;
The lovely prisoner was pent
Somewhere, in this dark solitude.
Beyond the village, well he knew,
Mingo, and his devoted crew,

Were crouched in fearful ambuscade.

A grove of pines, with horrid shade,
Concealed the warriors from his view.

All now is calm where soon the shout
Of unseen demons will ring out ;
Calm as the meeting place of lovers,
Where the first ventured kiss is given ;
Calm as the thunder-cloud that hovers
Over the darkling verge of heaven,
Where the impatient lightnings wait,
To do the noisy work of fate.

IV.

He crept along. No sentry kept
A vigil where Cayuga slept.
His unsuspecting warriors lay,
Dreaming the sultry night away ;
And Harold heard their heavy breath,
Where all beside was mute as death.
Their council fires were burning low ;
The embers cast a fitful glow
Upon the sleeping forms around.
He stepped upon a rising mound,
And like the miser for a pearl,

In Brazil's sand, — Bolivia's mine,

Eager he looked for Rosaline.

He saw — he saw the sleeping girl !
And in the palisade he loitered,
Until the camp was reconnoitered ;
Then wandered a few paces back,
And waited for the dread attack.

V.

Nor waited long; sudden it rose —
The war-whoop of that clamorous horde,—
Startling the sleepers from repose,
As if an earthquake walked abroad.
Loud, and more loud the clamor grew,
Till all the woods were vocal too.
Cayuga and his frightened clan
Unto the dubious conflict ran.
Harold behind the pickets lay,
Until they all had passed away;
Swift as a winged arrow flies,
He flew to the unguarded prize.

VI.

“Rosa!” She fainted at the word;
But soon recovered, when she heard
That well-known voice, again — again;
“Rosa, you do not weep in vain,
While Heaven and this avenging arm
Can shield the innocent from harm.
But fly with me; — ‘t is death to wait.”
They hurried through a postern gate,
And plunged into a friendly grove;
A glimmering through the boughs above,
Illumed their path; — the dewdrops glistened,
And startled them, with seeming eyes;
Once and again they paused, and listened,
But nothing heard, except the cries
Receding, and receding far,
Of whooping fiends, and clashing war.

VII.

“Ay,” whispered Harold, “let them fight,
Till the broad blush of morning light;
They both will rue the spoil to-night;
But let us hurry on, sweet maid,
Your palfrey waits in yonder glade.
Mingo has lent his own good steed,

Because he deemed you might be weary
With the long route.” ’Twas so indeed.

They hurried through a thicket dreary,
And found him tethered in a nook,—

For Harold had concealed him there,—
Close by the margin of a brook,

That babbled on the moonless air,
And with its mellow cadence drowned
Footstep and voice, that stirred around.

VIII.

Proudly the mounted charger sped
O'er plain and dune, where Harold led.
The leaflets danced beneath his tread;

Forest and hill retreated fast;
The clang of battle, far behind,
Died like an echo on the wind.

And still, as fancy thought to shape
Its semblance in the hollow blast,
They lauded Heaven, for their escape
From all the perils of the past.

IX.

Rosa in fainting transport clung
Unto her blest deliverer.
One fondling arm was round her flung ;
She saw his anxious eye on her,
Then saw it dart with eager haste,
Unto the road their charger traced,
And with a frequent glance survey
The Cynosure that led the way.
But who could paint her loveliness
As she looked mutely up to bless
The guardian, in whose dear caress
She now felt safe — so long a ranger
In that lone clime of grief and danger ?

X.

And when Aurora 'gan to streak
With rainbow tints an eastern sky,
That glorious limner could not vie
With the soft lustre of her cheek ;
Pale with the tears of long distress,
The smile of gratitude — the glow
Of crimson on that cheek of snow,
Heightened the charm to such excess,
That Harold half forgot to rein
His tardy steed across the plain.
Not yet — not yet the goal was won ;
One slackening moment, and again
He spurred toward the rising sun.

XI.

Till noon, with unremitting speed,
He urged along the foaming steed,
Who flagged at length beneath his load.
A heavy forest barred the road ;
A hedge of clustering laurels grew,
And interlocked the taller yew.
'T were vain to lead the charger through ;
So there they loosed him in the dell.
Farewell, thou jaded beast, farewell !
Return and publish what befel.
Go tell your master, you and he
Were wronged by pale-faced perfidy.
Go bid the hero to forbear,
And lay his midnight trophies by ;
When he goes home from victory,
He will not find his Helen there.

XII.

They looked behind with boding dread,
And through the tangled forest sped ;
Courage was their companion still,
While busy thought foreboded ill.
No脚步声 echoed in pursuit ;
The wilderness behind was mute ;
But soon the jilted chief would learn
What craft prevented their return,
And with a scattered host invade
The woodland, wheresoe'er they strayed.
If they might reach the severing tide
Of dark Kenhawya, unespied,

They trusted that the Sagamore
Would halt, bewildered, on the shore.

XIII.

No blowzy chief gallants you now,
Pale maiden, o'er the mountain's brow,
Bending the tangled vine away,
Brushing aside the tilting spray,—
Clearing a pathway in the grove,
Where'er your gentle footsteps rove ;
While honey-suckles, all in bloom,
Regale you with their sweet perfume ;
The Daphne lifts a flaunting blossom,
To emulate your snowy bosom.
The sweet-brier leans to catch a grace
From the vermillion of your face.
Delighted birds around you throng,
And tell their joy on stooping wing ;
Oh ! they might learn another song,
Could they but hear young Rosa sing.

XIV.

And when at midnight's weary hour
You slumbered in some covert bower,
No Indian tunic veiled your sleep,
No stranger voices bade you weep.
Soft was that flowery couch of thine,
By many a fragrant zephyr fanned ;
Your valance the o'erhanging pine—
Your drapery the clustering vine,
Folded by no ungentle hand.

XV.

They stood upon a beetling height,
And hailed Kenhawya full in sight;
Then turned a last, a trembling look,
On the rude wild which they forsook.
The foe ! the foe ! in yonder vale ;
And Rosa's cheek became more pale.
They saw a group of horsemen wind
The mountain pass, a league behind ;
They were pursued — some friendly power
Defend them, in this perilous hour.
Whither, oh ! whither should they fly ?

There was no space for long debate ;
Should they in some lone arbor wait,
Till their pursuers hurried by, —
Or plunge into the fearful tide,
And hope to win the farther side ?

XVI.

Just as they gained the river's verge,
And cowered before the frowning surge,
They heard a footstep — heaven forefend !
Harold fell back to meet a foe,
And recognized the swarthy friend
With whom he smoked one moon ago.
His skiff was floating just at hand,
Where eddies whirled upon the strand.
“ O ! lend ” — the hurried lover said —
“ Lend your canoe ; my squaw is weary ;
And take this wampum in its stead —
A present from his russet deary ; —

If warriors ask which way we fled,
Hush ! my good brother,—shake your head."

XVII.

There was no space for compliment ;
The *brother* nodded his assent ;
They stept into the sideling wherry,
And hurried o'er the breathless ferry.

Harold had flung aside his oar,
Concealed his boat among the reeds —
Just as they heard the tramp of steeds
Resound on the opposing shore.

One moment list ! Harold was brave,
But well he knew that they were lost
Beyond the power of earth to save,
If foemen ventured on the wave.

A rapid current, where they crossed,
Concealed their wake ; the hunter too
Thought of the wampum and was true.
Grateful to him and Providence
With noiseless feet they hurried thence.
Evening came down upon their flight ;
O ! welcome, as that Memphian night
That screened the flying Israelite,
When Egypt's host to ruin blind
Groped in the darkling waves behind.
Hope like a guiding pharos lighted
Their path, but left their foes benighted.

XVIII.

Whilom a busy rivulet

Danced playfully through yonder glade ;

Sixty green summers have decayed,

And there the rill is dancing yet.

But groves of intervening shade,
That echoed back its murmuring
Have vanished, and the waters fling
Their voices to the distant hill.

The thirsty wolf and puma came
To quaff from this meandering rill.
The deer and cony stooped to drink
Together, by its cooling brink.

Assembled birds of every name,
Conversed, and hopped from tree to tree,
In a perpetual coterie.

XIX.

'T was here the roving pair delayed,
One sultry noon, beneath the shade ;

Warblers above, in parlance sweet,
Were prattling all the tales they knew ;
The brook was babbling at their feet ;
Our lovers were conversing too.

“ No foemen overhear us now,”
Said Rosa, while her gentle hand
Parted the locks on Harold's brow,
And her fond lips, like zephyr bland,
Printed a kiss upon his own.
“ Oh ! speak to me with olden tone,

And louder than a whisper tell,
 The thoughts I love to hear so well.”
 When he beheld her lips half parted,
 Breathing an atmosphere of sighs,
 And looked into her sinless eyes,
 Until a gathering tear-drop started,
 Oh bliss! words are an empty sound;
 They glide into the viewless air,
 And leave the fondling spirit drowned,
 In its own depths of love and care.

XX.

“ If thou wert truly, truly mine,
 Thou smiling, tearful Rosaline,
 No jealousy should fright away
 My lips when they would venture near.
 The hues of ecstasy that play
 Upon those lovely cheeks, my dear,
 Should be my banquet all the day;
 But no! perchance another swain
 Will claim your plighted hand again,
 And then, Oh then! — I murmur not;
 Now you are safe, my task is done;
 I go unto my mountain-cot.
 We shall arrive at set of sun,
 Where sire and mother wait to bless you,
 And chance, a *lover* to caress you.”

XXI.

With a bewildered gaze she hung
 Upon the accents of his tongue,

Then hid her tears — one moment prest
Her ebon locks upon his breast.

“ Harold, I never loved *his* smile ;
I knew it was too full of guile ;
No ! rather let me be a slave,
Where none but savages caress,
And sink to an untimely grave,
Without a friend to soothe or bless.

When once I met your chiding glance,
I half had left the plighted dance,
To follow where your steps should lead ;
And when I saw the day advance,
On which *his nuptials* were decreed,
I left my sire, my mother — all,
To search for you, I knew not where ;
I found your cot ; you was not there ;
The answering forest heard me call,
From day to day, your dearest name,
Till Mingo and his warriors came.”

XXII.

He caught her blushing in his arms ;
“ Thou paradise of untold charms ;
Rosa, thou art — thou art my own !
Forgive each fear, each anxious doubt ;
The future shall, at least, atone
To blot all past suspicion out.
Oh ! thus to know that I am thine,
And lock thy willing hand in mine,

And press one long, long mutual kiss,
Upon these lips of breathing bliss,—
I ask no more of Heaven than this."

* * * *

XXIII.

Hark ! 't is the whip-poor-will,
Chanting a serenade
To mistress, in the glade,
While twilight dews distil,
Like blessings from above,
On all the thirsty grove ;
And yon colossal hill
Has lost its shadow vast,
In common shade at last.
The merle has ceased to trill
Her ditty o'er and o'er,
From yonder sycamore ;
The owl has slept his fill,
And like a monk to pray,
Comes forth at set of day.
In *welcome domicile*,
Our ramblers are at home.
It is my turn to roam,
A lone cosmopolite,—
Harold and Rosaline, good night !

NOTES.

Note 1—Page 87.

“ Between two mingling tides that flow
Into the marshy York below.”

Pamunkey and Mattapony. The American forces, under the Marquis de La Fayette, were stationed between these rivers.

Note 2—Page 90.

“ A fleet is whitening into view.”

Admiral De Grasse, with a French fleet from the West Indies.

Note 3—Page 90.

“ A proud armada,” &c. Admiral Greaves, with a British fleet from New York. A skirmish occurred near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, between the hostile squadrons. The French soon after ascended York river, and assisted in the siege of Yorktown.

Note 4—Page 93.

Lord Cornwallis attempted to cross the river, and thus evade the enemy ; but a furious storm prevented.

Note 5—Page 102.

“ To Powell’s clan, the nearest route.”

My Indian names are fictitious ; but the reader of history will remember that a number of Indian tribes, in the valley of the Ohio, were hostile to our government at the close of the Revolutionary war.

Note 6—Page 103.

“Big-Knives”—Virginians. Vide Jefferson’s Notes upon Virginia.

Note 7—Page 103.

“The *Man above us*”—the Great Spirit, according to Indian phraseology.—Vide Jefferson’s Notes upon Virginia.

Note 8—Page 104.

“Big-Bone-Licks”—so called by the Indians—a place in the southern part of Ohio, where the bones of the Mammoth were formerly found. The tradition referred to is found in Jefferson’s Notes.

Note 9—Page 106.

“I know your medicine is true.”

The Indians are accustomed to wear about them a sort of amulet, or *medicine bag*. They apply the general name of *Medicine* to anything mysterious, &c. Vide Catlin’s North American Indians.

M A D R I G A L S ,

A N D

GRAVER RHYMES.

MADRIGALS, ETC.

HOME.

I love the ancient wildwood,
That skirts my native dell;
I love the home of childhood,
Where kindred spirits dwell.

I love the dancing pleasure,
That blest me when a boy;
Time cannot give a treasure
To match that early joy.

What pleasant friends caressed me,
And shared my artless mirth!
How dear the lips that blest me,
Before I knew their worth!

Constrained awhile to wander,
From friends, so loved and tried,
I have not learned to squander
My heart on aught beside.

The world may treat me sadly,
Or flatter, as it please,
But still affection gladly
Will ramble back to these.

And thieving manhood never
Shall steal away my truth;
For I will love forever
The blessedness of youth.

OH! SING AGAIN.

Oh! sing again that witching strain,
I heard when last I met thee;
Time cannot sever our hearts forever,
And I will not forget thee.

When thou art here, my dearest dear,
The world is not so lonely;
But when away, from day to day,
I think upon thee only.

The sky is blue and bright, 't is true,
And all the world is pleasant;
But nought can bless my heart, unless
Thy dearest smile is present.

Lovely and true, adieu, adieu!
O! never will I doubt thee;
May Heaven shine on thee and thine,
And scatter smiles about thee.

SONG.

The sun is sinking to his rest,
Daylight is fading in the west;
Come, dearest, recline on this breast of mine,
And sing the song that I love best.

And I will look into thine eyes,
Soft as the blue of yonder skies,
Where meanings concealed, are more than revealed,
And think I gaze on paradise.

I hear thy song, I hear again ;
The echoes in my heart remain ;
And the very grove has fallen in love,
And echoes back the blissful strain.

HE LOVES ANOTHER.

He loves another, for he makes
His suit to her alone ;
He loves another, and forsakes
The heart that was his own.

I will not chide his fickle vow ;
My lips shall not reveal
The anguish and regret which now
The slighted heart can feel.

But I will counterfeit a smile,
And seem as gay as any ;
I 'll join the heartless crowd awhile,
And court the gaze of many.

And he shall never know my grief—
How constant I can be ;
But deem my love to him as brief
As his own love to me.

BEAUTIFUL! OH BEAUTIFUL!

Beautiful! O beautiful! at set of day,
To see the blush of evening melt away,
While upon the silent earth, shadows fall,
Stars begin their dance of mirth, one and all.
Beautiful! O beautiful! the stars above,
While my feet are wandering with her I love ;
Twilight comes, to usher in the spangled night, •
While we roam together on, in calm delight.
Beautiful! O beautiful! her gentle face,
Beaming with innocence, and full of grace ;
While she is gazing on the starry skies,
Mine it is, to gaze upon her starry eyes.
Sure there is another world in yonder sky,
Where the hopes we cherish here, can never die.
Beautiful! O beautiful! that distant sphere,
Full of the loveliness that charms us here.

A SONG AT PARTING.

A song at parting, and the saddest,—
Because it is the last;
O ! tell me when your heart is gladdest,
Will you forget the past ?

I know that other eyes are beaming,
With a bewildering glow,
And other maidens will be dreaming
Of love, where'er you go.

Through distant regions you may wander,
But you can never find
A heart that will be truer — fonder,
Than this you leave behind.

O say ! when other skies are smiling,
Without a cloud o'ercast,
And other music is beguiling,
Will you forget the past ?

Dearly I love a sparkling eye
And snowy cheek — do you ask why ?
Look in the mirror, lady fair,
And you will find the reason there.

Beauty is made of innocence ;
Love is a thing of eloquence ;
Your eloquent lips can surely tell
The reason why I love so well.

THE MAYFLOWER.

I will sing you the song
That the Mayflower was singing,
As she bounded along,
Like a swift eagle winging,
From her home in the east,
On a bold daring pinion,
With the olive of peace,
Unto freedom's dominion.

“ To the beautiful west,
We are going, we are going;
To the land of the blest,
While the tempests are blowing;
Where the tyrant no more
Shall disturb our devotion,
Where the unfettered shore
Is as free as the ocean.

Where the fountains are free,
And the rills never perish,
We will plant us a tree,
For our children to cherish;
And the eagle shall come
To its branches of gladness,
And the Pilgrim at home
Shall forget all his sadness.

To the beautiful west,
We are going, we are going ;
To the land of the blest,
While the tempests are blowing ;
Where the tyrant no more,
Shall disturb our devotion,
Where the unfettered shore
Is as free as the ocean."

H E N E V E R Y E T .

He never yet has told his choice,
Whate'er that choice may be ;
And yet, I think, no other voice
Is half so kind to me.

I ramble in his company,
Till twilight calls us home,
And then he haunts my memory,
For many days to come.

I cherish every word of his —
No accent is forgot ;
'T is happiness where'er he is ;
'T is grief, where he is not.

The fondness fostered long ago,
It is too late to smother ;
Perhaps I am deceived, but Oh !
I cannot love another.

TO SISTER MARIA.

When sunny day has closed her eye,
And leaves you gazing on the sky,
Alone, in moonlight reverie,—
Then think one thought — one thought of me.

When visions on your spirit throng,
Waking a tide of happy song,
Till music gushes wild and free,—
Then sing one song, one song for me.

When recollection brings a sigh,
And memory turns with tearful eye
To where her absent children be,—
Then drop one tear, one tear for me.

When your fond gaze is turned above
Unto a paradise of love ;
Oh ! when at eve you bend the knee,
Then breathe one prayer, one prayer for me.

—
SONG.

Come, Anna, with me,
Where the wild flowers be,
Let us ramble like children again ;
You remember the time,
When we thought it no crime
To barter a kiss now and then.

Let us ramble again
To the moss-covered glen,
And sit down in the blossoming grove,
While the warblers of June
Sing a glorious tune,
And remind us of childhood and love.

We were jealous, my love,
And we both learned to rove,
And we tried the old fondness to smother ;
But again we have met,
And we gladly forget
That we ever mistrusted each other.

While the rivers shall run,
While the never-tiring sun
In his glory, and beauty shall shine ;
While the skies are blue,
And while Heaven is true,
Sweet Ann, my devotion is thine !

OH! ASK ME NOT TO SING.

Oh! ask me not to sing,
Oh! tell me not of mirth ;
For pleasure is a vacant thing,
And I am tired of earth.

Oh! talk of nothing more,
If love must be denied ;
The world, with all its glittering store,
Can give no joy beside.

Go mingle with the gay,
And think no more of me ;
But when thou art far, far away,
I will remember thee.

Go climb the steep of fame,
And chase the phantom glory ;
And future bards shall write thy name
Upon the page of story.

Some lovelier one will share
The triumph of thy lot ;
And thou wilt deem her passing fair,
And I shall be forgot.

THE PAST.

Although it is my lot to roam
A stranger in a distant land,
That tranquil and sequestered dome,
Which once I fondly called my home,
In dreams I see before me stand.

In the calm visions of the night,
When memory treads the dreamy past ;
When fancy holds a torch of light,
And summons up before the sight
A thousand things too bright to last ;

All fair and happy, as of old,
Each scene of youthful joy appears ;
The kindred faces I behold,
The tales of mirth again are told,
That blest my heart in early years.

THE FORSAKEN.

I cannot feel as once I felt,
For life is dim ;
I cannot kneel, as once I knelt,
And pray for him.

The world shall never hear me speak
A murmuring word ;
The grief that preys upon my cheek
Shall not be heard.

I soon shall find a resting place
Away from grief ;
And friends will wonder why my race
Has been so brief.

And one who cares but little now,
May learn my fate,
And think upon his broken vow,
When 'tis too late.

I know his anxious heart will feel
Some late regret;
And down his cheek the tear will steal
In pity, yet.

When stooping on my blissful way
To yonder heaven,
I fain would hover near and say,
Thou art forgiven.

WINTER SONG.

The winds are piping sadly,
And it is blustering weather;
Our hearth is blazing gladly,
And friends are here together.

Come, join in tuneful measure,
In happy, happy chorus;
We'll sing of hope and pleasure
While storms are rattling o'er us.

While wintry winds are blowing,
And tempests howl above us,
Our fire is brightly glowing,
And friends are here to love us.

And Oh! in life's December,
Let friendship glow sincerely,
And let us still remember
The hearts that love us dearly.

IT IS TOO LATE.

It is too late; thou lovedst not
When fortune frowned upon me,
And now that Heaven has changed my lot,
Thou smilest kindly on me.

Away such fickle homage ! I
Renounce what once was dear ;
I ask what gold can never buy —
A heart that is sincere.

I could have toiled for wealth and fame,
As man hath rarely done,
Only to lisp thy gentle name,
And call thy smile my own.

I could have braved the wintry night
Of Lapland, dark and bleak ;
I could have climbed Parnassus' height,
Only to kiss thy cheek.

I could have rode the perilous sea,
Till Hope itself was wrecked ;
I could have braved all else for thee,
But could not brave neglect.

I SAW HER IN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

I saw her in the bloom of youth,
The skies were bright above her ;
She was so full of artless truth,
That every one must love her.

Her soul was full of melody,
It breathed in every word ;
And Oh ! she used to sing to me
Just like a warbling bird.

She had a glance of tenderness ;
She had a deep blue eye ;
And thoughts would flit across her face,
Like shadows through the sky.

The years of childhood passed away ;
I met her glance once more.
I heard her warble many a lay
That she had sung before.

There still was fondness in her look,
But Oh ! she rarely smiled ;
I thought of all the words she spoke
When but a laughing child.

Her voice was mournful while she sung ;
Her heart was full of grief ;
I little thought that one so young
Could have a life so brief.

I spoke to her of hope and gladness,
And mournfully she listened ;
She strove to hide a tear of sadness,
That in her blue eye glistened.

And many loved her — ah ! too well ;
She had no heart to give ;
For life had lost its olden spell, —
She did not wish to live.

A paleness gathered on her brow ;
Her cheek forgot to bloom ;
And autumn winds are sighing now,
Around her early tomb.

'T was hard to part with one so dear ;
But earth was not her home ;
And she has found a happier sphere,
Where grief can never come.

MORNING FLOWERS.

Oh ! haste, my dear, while life is ours,
With smiles and roses sweetly fair,
Let 's pluck its lovely morning flowers,
Unfaded yet by desert air.

While yet our golden sun is shining,
Let 's wander through the flowery grove,
Before its transient beams declining,
Shall leave no time for joy and love.

Along the flowery plain together,
 We 'll fondly ramble, hand in hand,
 Ere rising storms or wintry weather
 Shall sweep across the sunny land.

We 'll live on gentle smiles, my dearest ;
 This is no time for care and gloom ;
 We 'll catch at pleasure when the nearest,
 While merry youth and beauty bloom.

A M A N D A.

Thy face is sorrowful, my dear ;
 Oh ! tell me why ?
 Methinks I see a gathering tear
 In thy blue eye.

Does sadness mingle with thy bliss ?
 Amanda, say ;
 Oh ! it were luxury to kiss
 Each tear away.

I know that hope is oft betrayed,
 And left to weep,
 For promises that love has made,
 And failed to keep.

While hope and pleasure spread their wings
 But just before us,
 I know misfortune often flings
 A shadow o'er us.

Perhaps thy sky is overcast
With twilight now;
Perchance a vision of the past
Is on thy brow.

Perchance — ah no ! it is not love, —
It cannot be,
That any heart should ever prove
Unkind to thee.

Whoe'er has seen that eye of blue,
Cannot forget ;
Whoe'er has promised to be true,
Must love thee yet.

I only ask that happiness
May crown thy lot,
Although the heart that prays for this
Should be forgot.

I only pray that heaven may give
All joy to thee,
Although thy lips forget to breathe
One prayer for me.

They say that all thy heart, my dear,
Is pledged to Heaven ;
How can I crave thy homage here,
And be forgiven ?

Yet I have dreamed that thou wert mine —
How sad it seems,
That visions more than half divine
Are only dreams !

If hope itself must prove a dream,
 Thou gentle one,
 And vanish like the setting beam
 Of yonder sun ;

I only ask — I only claim
 What cannot perish ;
 Not *love*, but *friendship* is the name,
 That I must cherish.

I could have loved thee most sincerely —
 Perhaps, too well ;
 I could have loved thee, Ah ! more dearly
 Than words can tell.

Alas ! the waves of destiny
 Drift us apart ;
 May heaven scatter smiles on thee,
 Where'er thou art.

Adieu, adieu ! though fate must sever
 All human ties,
 Our mingling hearts shall love forever,
 In yonder skies.

TO MISS —————, OF PA.

What then is beauty ? lady, say ;
 Is it the soft and blushing rose
 That sweetly blooms at early day,
 But fades before that day shall close ?

A rose, to wither in an hour,
 I would not, lady, ask for thee ;
 Ah no ! if beauty is a flower,
 An amaranth that flower must be.

There 's beauty in the rosy cheek ;
 There 's beauty in the beaming eye ;
 But Oh ! it is because they speak
 Of thoughts within, that never die.

The countenance will wear the grace
 Which thought and feeling may impart ;
 The speaking eye that lights the face,
 Is but an index of the heart.

Intelligence the same shall glow,
 When suns go down and stars decay ;
 It is the only grace below,
 That time can never steal away.

OH ! LEAVE ME NOW TO LONELINESS.

Oh ! leave me now to loneliness —
 To loneliness awhile ;
 The world has lost its sunny dress,
 And hope her glorious smile.

The voice of song is not for me ;
 Oh ! cease the tedious strain ;
 There is no joy in melody ;
 You sing to me in vain.

There was a time, fair lady, when
 I deemed that song my own ;
 A heaven of joyous music then
 Was found in every tone.

But ah ! it was a syren song,
 Thy lips so sweetly breathed ;
 I fondly heard, and trusted long,—
 Then found myself deceived.

I did not dream a smile so sweet
 Was only to betray ;
 Too long I loved the fond deceit,
 That stole my heart away.

No more, thou trifler, ah ! no more !
 I break me from the spell ;
 The fatal dream at last is o'er ;—
 Farewell — a long farewell.

A D I E U !

Adieu, thou ever gentle one ;
 I could forever gaze on thee,
 Until my life's declining sun
 Should cease for aye to gaze on me.

How looked at me those beaming eyes,
 With all their love-inspiring glow !
 So gaze the calm, the azure skies,
 Upon the wanderer below.

And I that wanderer forlorn,—

 Oh ! were the stars thy peaceful home,
 I'd count those gems from night till morn,
 As through this darksome world I roam.

'T were morn, when thy celestial eyes
 Should beam on me one kindly smile,
Though all the far-surrounding skies
 Were veiled in sudden gloom the while.

L U C Y .

Oh ! were that glance of witchery mine,
 This heart should ask no more,
Save that the sun of bliss might shine
 On her, whom I adore.

The everlasting din of fame
 Should die upon my ear ;
My glory were to lisp her name,
 And her sweet voice to hear.

Sweet Lucy, I could bid adieu
 To every meaner treasure ;
To gaze, forever gaze on you,
 Were undivided pleasure.

“ HER SPARKLING EEN.”—*Burns.*

Brightly the lamps of evening glow,
Along the far unclouded skies ;
But there are brighter stars below,
While earth can boast her brilliant eyes.

And when the sun lights up the day,
'T is glorious to see him rise ;
But far more glorious — poets say —
To gaze on woman's beaming eyes.

How beautiful the landscape green,—
The flowers with their unnumbered dyes ;
But still more beautiful, I ween,
The lustre of a pair of eyes.

Let earth and skies their charms display,
And bid me seek the fairest prize,
Among the gems of night and day,—
I would select a pair of eyes.

My heart is pinioned to this sphere,
By many yet unbroken ties ;
Yet still I would not linger here,
But for the light of woman's eyes.

TO LITTLE ALLICE.

There's music in thy step so light,
Thou ever gentle one,
Soft as the zephyrs of the night
Behind a setting sun.

'T is joy to see thy silent eyes,
With fond expression beaming;
They seem the home of mysteries,
Where youthful hope is dreaming.

There's heaven within thy tranquil face,
Unclouded by a care,
Save as a transient gloom I trace,
When thoughts are mingling there.

I love the fond intelligence
Of such a smile, my dear;
I love the hallowed eloquence
Of such an artless tear.

Thy voice is full of melody;
Thy heart is full of truth;
Thine is the fond simplicity —
The poetry of youth.

Oh! come to me, thou lovely girl,—
Thou art a thing of bliss:
Come, push aside that truant curl,
And steal another kiss.

Full many a spirit, bright and fair,
Has been from truth beguiled ;
But heaven will listen to my prayer,
And bless so sweet a child.

ON RETURNING HOME.

The glorious hills again appear,
Around my native cot ;
I envy them, to stand so near
That bright, enchanted spot.

They bring to mind the laughing hours,
When childish hope was young ;
How gay the birds among the flowers !
How sweet the song they sung !

As oft a wandering echo sweeps
From days long since gone by,
A sadness o'er the spirit creeps,
While joy lights up the eye.

No other songs are half so sweet,
As those that are no more ;
No other scenes so fair I meet,
As those once loved before.

All hail, my early, happy home !
Fair are the skies above thee ;
The more these wandering feet shall roam,
The more this heart shall love thee.

TO MISS ——.

Weep o'er the memory of years,
Fond maiden, weep alone ;
There is no heart to share thy tears,—
The secret is thy own.

But why this lasting, fond regret,
For one who does not love ?
If he is false, Oh ! then forget,
Or learn thyself to rove.

Forget the moonlight vows that fell
From lips that are untrue ;
But thou hast loved him long and well,—
'T is hard to say adieu.

He was thy first, thy only choice ;
I do not ask thee why,—
For there was music in his voice,
And magic in his eye.

He listened to the trump of fame,
And half forgot his vow ;
Beauty and wealth together came —
They have his homage now.

Dear girl, the vows of earth are weak,
But gold is all divine ;
He has not found a fairer cheek —
A truer heart than thine.

A MEMORY.

A zephyr floating by,
Her bonny ringlets tossed ;
I gazed into her gentle eye
Until my heart was lost.

Unutterably fair —
So full of tenderness !
I guessed the meaning that was there —
I could not deem it less.

She loved — it must be true ;
I never knew till then ;
She was the dearest girl I knew,
Or e'er shall know again.

Our parting words were sweet ;
I kissed her o'er and o'er ;
We vowed a thousand times to meet, —
But ah ! we met no more.

She perished like a flower,
Before the winter's breath ;
She fell in girlhood's rosy hour,
Into th' embrace of death.

T A N T A L U S .

Old Tantalus was standing in
A lonesome place, I think ;
The water almost touched his chin,
And yet he could not drink.

Apples were clustering on his view,—
Or grapes, as some suppose ;
But still the tempting bough withdrew,
Whene'er he raised his nose.

Such was the fate of Tantalus ;
And such the fate of some of us ;
Pleasures that dance before the eyes,
Are only made to *tantalize*.

The glorious rainbow is a cheat,
Although it looks like heaven ;
And Beauty has a glance so sweet,
She cheats, and is forgiven.

There 's nothing bright or fair below,
But has some peril in it ;
'T is hard the treasure to forego,
And harder still to win it.

Beauty is a pleasing thing —
Still winning, still denying ;
Pleasure has a restless wing,
And is forever flying.

How wearily we often linger,
 In the old track of sorrow,
 While hope with a consoling finger,
 Is pointing to the morrow.

The morrow dawns upon the living,—
 All cloudy like to-day ;
 It has no pleasure worth the giving—
 And we plod on our way.

—

TO MISS — OF VA.

Well, thou art nothing unto me ;
 So fate decrees, — my lot is cast
 Where I shall never hear of thee,
 Save in the memory of the past.

Those lips that used to breathe of heaven,—
 Ay, let them breathe of heaven yet ;
 Their vows are to another given,
 But time shall teach me to forget.

It was not fitting we should meet,
 With more than friendship for our theme ;
 Yet all our interviews were sweet,
 As some delicious, longing dream.

Something, ah ! something in that eye
 Spake to my heart — perhaps too gladly ;
 And now the vision has gone by,
 It haunts my recollection sadly.

By mere fortuity we met;
By merest accident we parted;
But Oh! I never can forget
The chance that left me broken-hearted.

SAM TO MOLLY.

Fair are thy smiles, thou rosy girl;
Delicious are thy tears;
Thy glossy locks, in many a curl,
Hang dangling round thy ears.

Oh! if those radiant smiles were mine,
They'd light me on my way;
And love's celestial sun would shine,
By night, as well as day.

How fair the sunlit skies appear,
When morn is gaily breaking;
How much resembling thee, my dear,
The owls their nap are taking.

How sweet the songsters of the grove,—
Those heavenly birds below;
They bring to mind thy voice, my love—
The blackbird and the crow.

Were all the stars of heaven mine,
That walk the upper air,
All, all those gems should soon be thine,—
Around thy neck to wear.

How much my heart is lost in love,
 My tongue can never tell ;
 When storms brood o'er the heavens above,
 I'll carry an *umbrell*.

When I would hush each fond emotion,
 'Tis all of no avail,—
 I'm tossed on love's tempestuous ocean,
 A schooner in the gale.

Oh ! smile, ere expectation founders
 Upon some gloomy strand,
 And sunny hopes shall dance around us,
 Like mermaids on dry land.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Play on, thou lovely, lovely one,—
 And as the changing moments run,
 Drink in their pleasure, ere it flee ;
 Thou hast not learned as yet, like me,
 To sigh for unreturning bliss.
 Play on ; the wanton breezes kiss
 Thy face, and frolic in thy hair ;
 And fragrance of the summer air
 Breathes on thy cheek, thou gentle girl ;
 Thy tresses hang in many a curl
 Upon thy bosom — ha ! come here ;
 Thou art a thing to love, my dear ;
 So full of joy — yes, come to me ;
 Thou hast a look of melody ;

Thou hast a spirit pure and bright,
All made of innocence and light.
Yes, clasp thy fondling arms around me ;
No sweeter chains have ever bound me ;
I love such thraldom well, as this,—
I love thy honeyed, honeyed kiss ;
In future years, may love's caress
Prove as sincere as mine,
And may no lips deceitful press
That snowy cheek of thine.

J A N E.

A lovely girl I knew,
In youth's confiding morn ;
Her eyes a sort of glory threw
On all they smiled upon.

They seemed to have for me,
A more than human spell ;
Her very glance was witchery —
I loved it passing well.

I was a school-boy then,
A careless, happy thing,
And loved to roam through wood and glen,
Among the flowers of spring.

And Oh! my own dear Jane,
 With her dark clustering hair!
 The sweetest flowers might bloom in vain,
 If she was wanting there.

Those early days are flown,
 So fugitive — so dear;
 And she has left me here alone,
 To struggle with a tear.

Time in his careless flight,
 Had scarce revealed her grace,
 Before the music, and the light,
 Had left that angel face.

How could such beaming eyes,
 Close on the smiles of day?
 O death! it was thy fairest prize,
 When she was snatched away.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

If strangers smile, when I am sad,
 Then I will hide my sadness;
 If strangers weep, when I am glad,
 Then I will veil my gladness.

O God! this is a tiresome place,
 Where the unwilling soul
 Is spurred along the endless race,
 Only to miss the goal.

The beauty I have chased so long
Eludes my fond endeavor;
Pleasure is like a fairy song—
Uttered—then lost forever.

I would not evermore repeat,
The same unmeaning lay;
What, yesterday, was passing sweet,
Has lost its charm to-day.

The fairest flowers of earth
Are earliest to decay;
The sweetest tones of joy and mirth,
The soonest pass away.

Our youthful joys, how transitory!
How soon decayed!
The boasted wreaths of human glory,
How quickly fade!

What potent charm can ever stay
The speed of years?
We cannot purchase their delay,
With smiles, or tears.

How full of light, how full of shade
Our visions seem;
Our life is half a masquerade,
And half a dream.

FANCY.

Sweet fancy, conjure up in sight,
A landscape fair, of love, and light,
And charm my eyes awhile ;
Until my heart is lost in dreaming,
And all the universe is teeming,
With one bewildering smile.

A form of beauty haunts my soul,
Majestic as the clouds that roll
Along the moonlit skies ;
But gentle as the summer breeze,
That stops to kiss the whispering trees,
Till lost itself in sighs.

Oh ! there are moments full of tears,
In which the cherished hopes of years
All backward seem to creep,
Into the heart, with silence stealing,
And waking there a gush of feeling,
That long has been asleep.

* * * * *

Rise, rise beyond each lagging thought,
Thou eagle-pinioned fancy, rise ;
Rise to the glories that have caught
Thy vision, in the upper skies.

Hurry along thy restless way ;
No finite realms shall bound thy flight ;
Thine are the landmarks of the day,
And thine the beacons of the night.

The continents of fate explore ;
Go, visit every dreamy place ;
Through the dim mist of ages soar,
And through the breadth of boundless space.

Go, seek for all that love has told,—
Beauty in her divinest dress,
Where hearts and faces ne'er grow old,
Nor lose their early charm to bless.

Go, seek for all the longing soul
May dream of, in her wakeless sleep,
When tears gush forth without control,
And thought can only pause and weep.

Ha ! dost thou come with heavy wing,
Back to thy native earth again ?
Tell me, what message dost thou bring,
Thou rambler in that wide domain ?

She folded up her scattered plumes ;
“ Alas ! ” said she, “ this earth is small ;
Dim is the planet that illumes
Your dark and uncongenial ball.

Sweet was the music of your streams,
And sweet the flowery breath of May,
When first I wandered in the dreams,
Of youth’s delightful holyday.

These little hills around are green ;
I used to love your landscape here,
Before my roving eyes had seen
The beauties of another sphere."

She folded up her scattered plumes ;
" Alas, " said she, " this earth is small ;
Dim is the planet that illumines
This dark and uncongenial ball."

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

I pay my early vows to thee,
Before the dawning day ;
There is no sweeter minstrelsy
Than thine inspiring lay.

Thy voice — it is the rising song
Of nature's mountain choir ;
Those echoing strains, though chanted long,
My ear can never tire.

Thy steps are in the rosy vales,
As noiseless as the breeze ;
Thy breath is sweet as morning gales,
Along the spicy trees.

Thine eye — it is the softest star
That decks the virgin sky ;
The moon has not a face more fair,
When ocean heaves a sigh.

Thine auburn locks hang flowing now,
Like shadows on the plain ;
And as they veil thy lovely brow,
What moonlight smiles remain !

If loneliness my lot must be,
I am not lonely here ;
'T is when no tones of sympathy
My weary spirit cheer.

What kindred heart is there below,
For me to drop a tear ?
A stranger still through life I go,
Except when thou art near.

Amid the bustle and the din,
I pass unnoticed by,
And strive in vain one smile to win
From beauty's tearless eye.

And I would love thee, Solitude !
Though fairer nymphs might be ;
No rivals in thy bowers intrude,
To steal thy gaze from me.

SUNSET.

Welcome ! ye holy hours of even,—
I yield me to your soft control ;
How grandly through the opening heaven,
Yon painted clouds of sunset roll.

It seems as though the light of day
 Would make one last, one grand display —
 Would shape one dying glow,
 To cheer the world below,
 Before it sinks in gloom away.

Thus, when the sun of life descends
 Adown the firmament of years,
 Sometimes a lingering glory blends
 With clouds along this vale of tears ;
 And hope, with its fantastic beams,
 Athwart the dim horizon streams,
 Till it dispels the gloom —
 The shadows of the tomb, —
 And life departs in golden dreams.

—

LITTLE MARY.

I know not why — but so it is —
 I love the charming thing ;
 She is a bonny little Miss —
 Forever on the wing.

She flits about me like a bird,
 All musical with bliss ;
 And when she sings — I never heard
 A sweeter song than this.

'T is strange that I should ever learn
 To love a thing so wild ;
 But O ! she loves me in return —
 The grateful little child.

And it is luxury to know
That one, at least, can love me ;
It makes the landscape fair below,—
The sky all bright above me.

Oh ! never, never have I seen
So dear a glance as hers ;—
Away with fashion's flaunting queen,
And all her worshippers.

Give me the artless love of childhood,
And let me wander free,
With Mary, in the tangled wild-wood —
This is enough for me ;

And hear the streamlet babbling by,
With music at our feet,
And gaze into that fondling eye,
That never knew deceit,

And gather every fragrant blossom,
That summer has to spare,
And place them in her snowy bosom,
And in her flowing hair.

If we could find some shady spot,
Unvisited by care,
And all-forgetting and forgot,
Commune together there ;

Mine were a pleasant task indeed,
To con her every look,
And teach her wandering eyes to read
From nature's open book.

And day by day, new charms should seem
Unfolding to my view,
For I would teach her eyes to beam
With love, and science too.

THE KISS.

One kiss for forty lines ? 'tis clear
You ought to give me twenty ;
Since verses are so scarce, my dear,
And kisses are so plenty.

But since your kisses are so sweet,
I will not now complain ;
I pray that you may never cheat
An honest bard again.

You soon will purchase every lay
The poet has on hand ;
Then take the bard himself in pay,
To meet your next demand.

A writ of *habeas corpus* — true,
It were a serious writ ;
But if the mandate comes from you,
I must of course submit.

O ! could I dwell forever near
Your lips of breathing bliss ;—
Pleasure were but a sigh, my dear,
And love an endless kiss.

Then we might crowd the laughing hours
With poetry and kisses ;
And life should seem a vale of flowers,
All redolent with blisses.

I shall expect, at sight of this,
A kiss for a receipt ;
I thank you for the other kiss,—
And it was wondrous sweet.

The sweetest trade I ever made ;
A fortnight's credit too !
Ten verses for a kiss, my dear,
I here transmit to you.

Your humble debtor, still I pray
More kisses, lady fair ;
I promise punctually to pay
For all you have to spare.

And dearest, when we next shall part,
Oh ! may you prove as true ;
And give me credit for a heart,
That I have left with you.

IN C R E D U L I T Y .

I never will believe again,
As I have once believed ;
That smile so fugitive, so vain,
Has long enough deceived.

If she were like an angel fair,
I would forsake the treasure;
If all my paradise were there,
I would forego the pleasure;

Eternity could never make
A draught so bitter, sweet;
And I eternally forsake
The chalice of deceit.

If I had loved, as others love,
With a divided heart,
And she had taught me how to rove—
It were not hard to part.

But all my being was her own,
And every thought was hers;
And she had singled me alone,
From all her worshippers.

And we had talked of love together,
Until the moon rode high;
And cared not for the gloomy heather,
Nor for the darkening sky.

But now, she tries my constancy,
And lavishes her joy
On every passing foolery—
On every painted toy.

'T is hard, 't is hard to push aside
The magic that has bound so long;
'T is hard to think that lips have lied—
So full of eloquence and song.

'T is hard — away ! I will not ponder
Upon the visionary spell ;
For she has taught me how to wander,
And I will con the lesson well.

TO AMANDA.

I pray that you may never meet
Ingratitude, my dear ;
Better by far, the marked deceit,
That does not claim a tear.

It is a troubled thing to live,
Slighted for kindness lent,—
Hardest of all things to forgive,
And hardest to resent.

A word, or look, is all you ask ;
All other meed you spurn,
And friendship has an easy task,
To make this small return.

Then say, what recompense is due
To love, as true as heaven —
To one who gives his heart to you,
As hearts are seldom given ?

A SOLILOQUY.

I had my share of merriment,
In those young days, when beauty lent
A vision unto every feeling;
But sober years are now revealing
The nothingness of all my dreams.
I know not why,— but so it seems,—
The music of my life is broken;
The dearest words have all been spoken;
The gentle accents that I cherished,
Have spent their melody, and perished;
And many a blossom that was fair
Has faded in the desert air;
And many a vision of my youth,
Has lost its attributes of truth.
Oh time ! thou art my enemy;
For thou dost steal the honesty
Of hope away, and in its stead,
Dost bring a message from the dead.
The fond, the beautiful, and young,
The sweetest bird that ever sung,
The sharer of my grief and mirth,
Has fled forever from the earth.
And dearest, though some years have flown,
While I have roamed the world alone,
And time, that robbed me of my treasure—
Has left behind some scanty pleasure—
Still, still my heart is sad enough;
My road, at times, is somewhat rough.

No more the vacant earth can give
Such love, as taught me how to live.
O ! could I be to fate resigned,
O ! could I leave the past behind,
And look before, as others look,
Into some future pleasant nook,
In the wide wilderness of years,
Circled by smiles, remote from tears,
Where beauty reigns a smiling queen,
In an eternal vale of green,
And makes it her supreme employ
To tell her fondness and her joy,—
Perhaps I might forget at last
The sad endearments of the past,—
Might learn to look away from ill,
And hope for something lovely still.

“ Ah ! Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit ?”

Virgilius Maro.

Oh love ! thou art mine enemy ;
For thou dost steal away
The quiet joys of memory,
That made my life so gay.

And thou dost bring in place of such,
A struggling dream of bliss ;
And phantasies that are too much
For such a world as this.

Thy visions are the loveliest,
 And saddest that I know;
 For jealousy, that thing unblest,
 Pursues where'er I go.

A melting form and raptured face,
 Within my fancy reign;
 A longing thought, a lost embrace—
 Half pleasure and half pain.

The star of fame that rode so high,
 Has gone down in its pride;
 The radiance of a gentle eye
 Is worth the world beside.

When present, oh thou joy of joys!
 Time flits unheeded by;
 Thy presence every thought employs,—
 Thine absence, every sigh.

“ O, I have gazed on forms of light,
 Till life seemed ebbing in a tear;
 Till in one narrow space of sight
 Were merged the feelings of a year.”

Margaret M. Davidson.

That life has ebbed at last away,
 Thou ever gentle one;
 But smiles about thy memory play,
 Like dying glories of the day
 Around a setting sun.

And Oh ! thy last, devoted tear —
'T was circled by a smile ;
The songs of heaven were on thine ear,
And angel Hope was standing near,
With pinions spread the while.

How speedy was thy glorious flight,
Beyond this world of sorrow,
Beyond the transient gloom of night,
Unto a paradise of light,
In heaven's eternal morrow.

Thy minstrelsy can never die
While kindred spirits live ;
While loveliness shall win a sigh,
While virtue dwells beneath the sky,
And has a tear to give.

Thy name, at least, shall dwell with me,
In thy pathetic strains,
While yet a tear of sympathy,
Or single page of memory,
Within this heart remains.

Thy longing soul has found, at last,
" That something undefined,"
In all that 's beautiful and vast.
The changing dreams of life are past,
Its visions left behind.

Oh! ever gentle, ever fair,
So full of love and song,
What heavenly music can compare
With thy sweet voice, that mingles there,
In heaven's immortal throng?

The gales of disappointment never
Shall chill thy song above;
Sing on in harmony forever,
Where gloomy death ne'er comes to sever
The holy links of love.

THEY SAY.

They say that beauty is a sun,
Rising like other suns, to set,
Shining alike, on every one,—
But I do not believe it yet.

They say that love will prove untrue,
Will pledge itself, and then forget,
Leaving the old, for something new—
But I do not believe it yet.

They say that Mary thinks no more
Of the sweet spot where last we met,
That other scenes can charm her more—
But I do not believe it yet.

They say her smiles were to deceive,
That she is but a gay coquette;
They say—but I will not believe;
O no! I can't believe it yet.

MUSIC.

There's music in the noisy flow of years,
All hurrying onward in the vale of life;
The echoes of departed hopes and fears,
The songs of peace, the thunderbolts of strife,
In one commingled din salute the ears.

There's music in the stormy ocean's roar,
When tempests ride relentless on the deep,
When waves with thunder dash upon the shore.
There's music when the winds retire to sleep,—
A still, small voice, when all their blasts are o'er.

There's music in the woods—those trackless wilds,
And solitude is not without a song;
Each organ pine the wanderer beguiles,
And sadness often brightens into smiles,
While fairy birds and breezes flit along.

There's music in the regions overhead,
When Cynthia her choir of stars is leading—
When night around a solemn gloom has spread.
And oft by day, we seem to hear the tread
Of hymning suns, along their journey speeding.

There's music, when the sun lights up the day,
And morning wakes her thousand symphonies;
Up mounts the lark, and sings upon the way;
The happy songsters carol in the trees;
And Nature warbles her divinest lay.

There's music when the sun sinks down to rest,
 When plaintive zephyrs trip along the plain ;
 The hills stand round in golden drapery drest ;
 Each seems to chant a sweet, a farewell strain,
 As daylight fades along the blushing west.

There's music, glorious music, everywhere,
 If busy man would only lend an ear ;
 A thousand melodies are lost in air,—
 Enough to charm away all heavy care,—
 Because there is no tuneful heart to hear.

THOUGHTS IN DEATH.

Begone, vain world, with all thy charms ;
 They are no more for me ;
 All folded in the chilly arms
 Of death, I soon must be.

Dark shadows pass before my eye,
 Of deep, unearthly gloom,
 Flitting this mortal landscape by,
 And sinking in the tomb.

Hushed is the music on my ear,
 Of every earthly strain ;
 The knell of death is sounding near,
 From some unseen domain.

Mysterious is that shadowy sphere,
 On which I soon must dwell ;
 I listen, but no voice can hear,
 Its mysteries to tell.

Oh! that some friendly star might shine,
To give the wanderer light;
But not one cheering ray is mine,
To break the starless night.

Along the dark horizon far,
A broad Eternity,
Where everlasting ages are,
The eye alone can see.

The lamp of reason, dim and pale,
Has lit me to this shore;
But now its dying flashes fail
To guide my footsteps more.

My God! in this approaching night,
In thee I would confide;
Be thou my sun, my glorious light,
And my eternal guide.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Whence comes the fleeting gale,
And whither does it fly?
It sighs along the vale,
And then its murmurs die.
And such is human life — a fitful breeze,
As musical, it roams across the plain;
A leaf or two upturned the gazer sees;
The listener hears a rustling in the trees;
The breath is flown, and all is mute again.

A whirlwind drives apace,
With all its stormy train;
We hear its sounding pace,
Then look for it in vain.

And thus the *master spirits* of the age,
In zigzag pomp their lofty ensigns bear;
The lesser winds in conflict must engage,
And each obsequious with the whirlwind rage,
Till all their pageantry is lost in air.

The streamlet gliding free,
Adown the winding glen,
Has wandered from the sea,
And travels back again.

And such is human life — a tuneful stream,
That wends unfettered to a shoreless sea,
The mountain shadow, and the sunny beam,
Flitting alternate through the naiad's dream,
While drifting downwards to eternity.

The mighty river rolls,
In silent grandeur deep,
Unruffled by the shoals,
That in its bosom sleep.

And thus in life's uneven channel gliding,
While *rivulets* mutter down the rocky steep,
At every crag their *shallow streams* dividing,
The *truly great* in noiseless calm abiding,
Roll on *without a ripple* to the boundless deep.

But what is life? how various—who can tell?
How short and fleeting—who has time to sing?
Ere yet we know the land on which we dwell,
We bid its changing, shifting scenes farewell,
And then forever cease our wandering.

VACANT THOUGHTS.

How shall the tale of vacancy be told,
When thought is all too languid to portray
Its own monotony; when feeling, cold,
Can find no music in the poet's lay,—
When th' o'erlabored soul is dull and weary,
And this green earth is but a desert dreary?
When things that have been wont to charm the eye,
Have lost the glorious magic of their mien,
When we have viewed the landscape and the sky,
Until there is no beauty in the scene,—
When all that once seemed beautiful and fair,
Has vanished like a cloud in desert air?
There are such epochs with the changing mind,
Such blanks of being, dim and desolate,
When hope looks forward—memory behind,
But see all gloomy as the brow of fate;
And when the present, treading on the heels
Of future years, moves heavily along,
And each dim beacon-light alone reveals
The clouds of gloom, that o'er the landscape throng.

PSALM I.

Chant, ye mortals, chant the lay,
Heaven and earth are friends to-day ;
Justice lays aside its frown,
Peace and love come smiling down.

See the star of Bethlehem shine,
On the hills of Palestine ;
Haste ye messengers of God,
Bear the glorious news abroad.

Let the storm of conflict cease ;
Jesus comes, the prince of peace ;
Hush, Oh ! hush the battle's roar ;
Tyrant War shall reign no more.

Set the struggling captive free,
Break the chains of Slavery,
Teach the injured to forgive,
Bid the dying sinner live.

Love to God, and love to man —
So th' angelic song began ;
Chant, ye mortals, chant the lay,
Heaven and earth are friends to-day.

PSALM II.

Time is drifting us along,
Although we choose to stay ;
Rapid is the tide, and strong,
That bears our hearts away.

Hurrying down the mighty tide
Unto a shoreless sea,
Like a floating bark we glide
To vast Eternity.

On the billows tossed awhile,
And driven before the blast,
Faith will find some quiet isle,
Where we shall moor at last.

Storms and darkness gather o'er us ;
But why should we despair ?
Paradise is just before us,
And all is sunshine there.

PSALM III.

Wake, thou child of error, wake !
Earth is hastening to her doom ;
Lo, the solid mountains shake !
Crowds are bursting from the tomb !

Hark ! th' archangel's voice is heard,
 Swearing, Time shall be no more ;
 All the depths of earth are stirred,
 All the sea, from shore to shore.

Lo ! the congregated dead —
 Myriads from their sleep arise,
 While the trumpet overhead
 Calls them to their native skies.

Rouse, ye sinners, from your dust ;
 Judgment summons all below,
 To the mansions of the just,
 Or the dark abodes of wo.

P S A L M I V.

The father calls his children home,
 Their errors all forgiven ;
 “ Hither ye wandering pilgrims come,
 And dwell with me in heaven.

Long have ye wandered from your God,
 And from the path of peace ;
 Come back from error's doubtful road,
 And find substantial bliss.

The world can never satisfy
 The heart that loves it best ;
 Your heritage is in the sky ;
 Come hither and be blest.”

Father, we hear thy gracious voice,
So comforting, so kind,
And mounting to celestial joys,
We leave the earth behind.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

The universe is all inspired
With thy pervading breath, O God !
Far in thine awful Self retired,
Thy glories are beheld abroad.

The heavens above, O God ! are thine,
The sun, with its revolving light,
And all the twinkling stars that shine
Along the dusky brow of night.

And far beyond those distant spheres,
Each leading on a glorious train,
Amid the gloom of other years,
Is thine unlimited domain.

Far as immensity is found,
Thy teeming myriads throng the sky ;
Unnumbered suns in endless round,
Revolve beneath thy sleepless eye.

Great God ! our little world is lost,
When marshal'd with thy countless train,
Just as a drop, when ocean-tossed,
Is swallowed by the boundless main.

And who can fathom those designs
That visit fate to every clime,
Or scan the prescience, which divines
The sequences of coming time?

Presiding Power of earth and skies —
Eternal mysteries are thine!
In vain the wondering spirit pries
Into the secrets of thy shrine.

Be mine to wonder and adore,
Contented with my being here,
Until this cloudy scene be o'er,
And light from other worlds appear.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MOUNTAINS.

For one long day my feet had wandered,
Among the craggy hills and towering mountains,
Among the dancing rills and mossy fountains,
And now I paused awhile, and pondered
Upon that vast and rocky wild,
On which the sun declining smiled.

Oh! it was glorious to see
Those old romantic steeps, with silence lone,
Where grandeur ever keeps his rock-built throne,
While Phœbus beamed so tranquilly
Upon their heads, with age all hoary,
From his hesperian home of glory.

I gazed until strange thoughts came o'er me, —
 Thoughts of the dread sublime, of changeless state,
 Of all-devouring time, and stubborn fate ;
 Those mountains that arose before me,
 All undismayed, have dared the rage
 Of many a mischief-teeming age.

While starry nations have been hurled,
 From pinnacles of glory to Lethe's gloom,
 And in forgotten story have found a tomb ;
 While busy fate has strewed the world
 With crumbling relics of renown,
 Those peaks have not been toppled down.

But there they stand, and seem to laugh
 At man, who thinks himself sublime ;
 Whose works are blown away like chaff
 Before the winnowing fan of time ;

Whose very name is soon erased
 From glory's page, his future trust ;
 Whose monument is soon defaced,
 And crumbles, like himself, to dust.

A F R A G M E N T .

And I will weep ; the world can hold more tears ;
 There long has been a turmoil in this breast,
 That cannot be allayed by rolling years ;
 As well the rising tide may be suppressed,
 And ocean's stormy billows hushed to rest.

'T is not because of every joy bereft,
And hopes all blighted in earth's desert air ;
'T is not that I in loneliness am left,
To wander on,— I know, I care not where,—
Without one friend to breathe for me a prayer.

'T is not that fortune has o'erturned the schemes,
Which youth full oft too rashly might devise,
Or disappointment proved my hopes but dreams —
The rainbow even that decked my morning skies,
A harbinger of after storms to rise.

I will not grieve though disappointment come,
To startle vain ambition by its tread,
To steal away my fondest friends, and home,
And every darling that my heart has wed ;
'T were useless grief for joys forever fled.

Tho' all these cherished flowers should cease to bloom,
That hang so sweetly o'er life's stormy plain ;
Though all things beautiful should throng the tomb,
And not a charm in this bleak world remain ;
I would not weep — for weeping, then, were vain

But there 's a cause, that cannot be defined,
For grief, of which no stranger heart may know,—
Undying longings in this restless mind,
For grandeur such as never dwells below,—
For something which this earth cannot bestow.

This world might charm each fonder wish away ;

Yes, musical its changing seasons run ;

Sweet are the blushes of the dawning day ;

Bright are the glories round a setting sun ;

But all, alas ! all smile on man's decay.

There 's melody in nature's charming choir ;

Those ever-varying strains I love to hear ;

They only guide the roving fancy higher,

Till heaven's eternal arches half appear,

And loftier carols die upon the ear.

Full well I know there 's music in the skies,

Far, far away from this discordant ball,

Where never-fading beauty meets the eyes,

Where death ne'er comes to spread his gloomy pall,

And time's unwelcome shadows never fall.

LONELY, AH, LONELY !

Lonely, ah, lonely ! for thou art no more,

Is the world that was full of enchantment before ;

I heed not the light of a glorious sky,

Since gone is the smile of thy star-beaming eye.

Lonely, ah, lonely the spot where we met !

For memories haunt me, I fain would forget ;

I think of the pleasures I never can see ;

I think of the hopes that were blighted in thee.

Lonely, ah, lonely is all that I hear !
The voice of the minstrel no longer is near ;
It tells of a voice that can sing to me never ;
It minds me of music departed forever.

Lonely, ah, lonely is all that I meet !
The tokens of friendship no longer are sweet ;
Beauty is heartless, and joyless is mirth,
For beauty and joy have departed from earth.

FOR THE ALBUM OF MRS. H—, BLOOMFIELD, PA.

Some call our world a place of sadness,
Haunted by gloomy doubts and fears,
And overlook each smile of gladness—
They are so busy with its tears.

Beauty is but a flower, they say—
Blooming, like other flowers, to fade,
And all that's bright and fair to-day,
To-morrow in the grave is laid.

Pale science, with a kindling eye,
Explores the earth, frequents the sky,
While mystery and starless gloom
Are our companions to the tomb.

They tell us with a mournful tone,
That fame is but a passing breath ;
That glory's plume is not her own,
But made to grace her rival — *Death.*

Now I but half believe the story ;
'T is true that flowers shall lose their bloom ;
The laurels, too, of human glory,
Were made to decorate the tomb.

But glory worthy of the name,
Is not a wreath of common fame ;
And real beauty is no flower
To perish in a fleeting hour.

Beyond the boundaries of time,
In the deep quiet of the sky,
There is a fair and glorious clime,
Where hope may turn her longing eye.

Then what if earthly friendship seem
A smile, companioned with a tear,
And youthful beauty but a dream,—
Shall we forego a smile so dear ?

Shall not that dream be realized,
Where all that we on earth have prized,—
Where beauty, friendship, love and truth,
Shall mingle in eternal youth ?

WHAT IS RELIGION ?

It is the soul of praise, the breath of prayer,
The tuneful tongue, the kindling heart,
Where gratitude and pure devotion are,
Without formality and art.

It dwells with gentle sympathies and joys,
That grace the vale of quiet life,
And flies with hurried pinion, from the noise
Of bigotry and party strife.

How vain, alas ! the Jehu-like display,
Where zeal is not with love allied ;
And even charity may go astray,
Unless intelligence shall guide.

The angel of devotion finds no home
In heartless pomp, and gay parade ;
He enters not the Pharisaic dome,
With pompous nave and balustrade.

Not airs affected, or external graces ;
Not altars with frankincense blazing ;
Not a whole gallery of solemn faces,
On heaven with vacant homage gazing,

Can win a smile from the Eternal One,
Or bow his presence from the skies ;
An humble and a contrite heart alone,
Is his accepted sacrifice.

SABBATH MORN.

The Christian sabbath dawns again,
With all its hallowed memories ;
And now in this unstirring glen,
Is hushed the din of worldly men,
And nought is heard, save melodies,
From bird, and breeze, in yonder bower,
To break the stillness of the hour.

Unheard along the ethereal steeps,
From heaven's rekindled lamp descending,
How holy the soft light that creeps
Down to a world where darkness sleeps !

The shades of night are dimly wending,
Behind the western hills afar,
Confounded by so bright a star.

But Oh ! there is a star divine,
That blazes with superior light ;
Bethlehem's shepherds saw it shine
Upon the hills of Palestine,
When first it cheered this world of night.
That star is to the wanderer given,
To guide his erring feet to heaven.

Thou pilgrim in life's rugged way,
How welcome is that star to thee,
While through this dubious world you stray !
For lo ! it shines with friendly ray
And lights you to eternity,—
Unto that paradise above,
Where all is light, and all is love.

Bloomfield, Pa.

A SACRED MELODY.

This is the lay that we will chant,
In heaven above,
Where every bright inhabitant
Shall talk of love.

Farewell, farewell, ye shores of time,
Peopled with gloom ;
For we have found a happier clime,
Without a tomb.

These pleasant skies are every hour
New charms assuming ;
Beauty is an eternal flower,
Forever blooming.

Friendship is like a blissful dream —
No shadow knowing ;
And love is an unwasted stream,
Forever flowing.

Our paradise is full of flowers,
And full of song ;
We scarce can count the happy hours
That speed along.

For hope is like a bird that wings
An upward flight ;
And every passing moment brings
Some new delight.

Pilgrims, who roamed the world below,
Are gathered here ;
The friends who loved us long ago,
Are still more dear.

And while Eternity shall fill
Its cycles vast,
Without a fear of coming ill
Our joy shall last.

P A R A D I S E .

Oh ! I have dreamed of paradise,
While wandering here ;
The melodies of yonder skies
Have caught my ear.

I know, I know there is a land,
Away from tears,
By heaven's immortal breezes fanned,
Through endless years.

All that is beautiful and fair
Shall last forever ;
And friends who meet each other there,
Be parted never.

Pilgrim of earth, away with sorrow !
Why are you sad ?
Look forward to that endless morrow,
Where all is glad.

If lips are cold, that you have kissed,
 And clods are tossed
 On forms that loved you—they are missed;
 They are not lost.

If poverty and scorn belong
 Unto your lot,
 The future shall redress your wrong,—
 Then murmur not.

THE PAST.

There is a melody in days gone by,
 Which each of us can know, but cannot tell;
 While the uncertain future claims a sigh,
 Our tears will chiefly with remembrance dwell;
 And it is less than manly to repel
 Those tributes to the past—however vain;
 The beautiful, and true—we loved them well;
 And let their fondling accents yet remain,
 To mind us of that heaven, where we shall meet again.

I am a dreamer, and a rambler too;
 And few perchance inquire which way I steer;
 And yet there are, thank God! there are a few,
 For whom remembrance harbors something dear;
 The footsteps of the past are on my ear;
 And friends who vainly courted my delay,
 Now follow like my shadow, far and near,—
 Unlike a shadow—lost at set of day—
 For in the night of grief, they cheer my lonely way.

Companions of my childhood, lo ! they come,
With anxious salutations from the past ;
Remembrance tells me I have yet a home,
Although my solitary lot is cast
Where no endearments seem to bind me fast,—
Each spot is home, and each alike, is strange ;
My heart may find a domicile at last—
May find another home, and cease to range,—
For time, and destiny, have much to do with change.

But never shall I find the confidence
That blest my early youth ; ah ! never more,
The gladdening smiles of hope and innocence,
That scattered sunshine on my path before.
I know not what the future has in store ;
But this I know,— that time can never blot
Their image from my soul ;— oceans may roar,
And mountains tower between ;— it matters not ;
Those old familiar things can never be forgot.

Powhatan, Va., 1844.

NEW ENGLAND.

New England, New England,
Thou empire of the free !
The Pilgrim's name, the warrior's fame,
We dedicate to thee.
The smoky morn of fight is gone,
And glory's work is done ;
But *Bunker Hill* remembers still
The trophies that were won.

New England, New England,
Thou empire of the free!
Thy children brave the stormy wave,
And ride on every sea.
Thy starry banner is unfurled
Wherever glory be ;
And Freedom's eagle roams the world,—
But makes his home with thee.

New England, New England,
Thou empire of the free !
May Heaven bless with happiness
The hearts that pray for thee.
Our fathers sought thy rocky shore,
And bowed at Freedom's shrine ;
And while the waves of ocean roar,
May Freedom still be thine.

New England, New England,
Thou empire of the free !
May Heaven frown the tyrant down,
And earth become like thee.
Let Peace extend her empire far,
To every grateful shore,
And let the iron tramp of War
Be heard on earth no more.

O H ! W I L L Y O U ?

Oh ! will you, will you, will you
Come to the glorious West—
Unto a land by Heaven planned,
For those who *love* the best ?
No flower more fair shall blossom there,
Upon the blooming prairie ;
I'll love you still, through good and ill,
While life shall last, sweet Mary.

Oh ! will you, will you, will you
From friends and kindred roam,—
Content to be with love and me,
Far from your native home ?
No flower more fair shall blossom there,
Upon the blooming prairie ;
I'll love you still, through good and ill,
While life shall last, sweet Mary.

Oh ! will you, will you, will you
Follow the setting sun,
That sinks to rest in the blushing west,
When his golden race is run ?
No flower more fair shall blossom there,
Upon the blooming prairie ;
I'll love you still, through good and ill,
While life shall last, sweet Mary.

Oh! will you, will you, will you
To the land of promise steer,
Where summer lingers with rosy fingers,
Through half the flowery year?
No flower more fair shall blossom there,
Upon the blooming prairie;
I'll love you still, through good and ill,
While life shall last, sweet Mary.

THE SAILOR BOY.

He is gone, he is gone to the far ocean blue,
And I gazed on his bark till it faded from view.
Oh! spare him, kind Ocean, wherever he roves,
And bring him back safely to her whom he loves.

He is gone, he is gone to the perilous main;
And his path will be rough ere I meet him again.
When the tempest is loud on the storm-beaten sea,
Then, my dear sailor boy, may Heaven shelter thee.

I will pray, I will pray when the loud thunders roar,
When sea-birds are winging their flight to the shore,
When peril and death are afloat on the gale;
Be watchful, ye Lightnings, Oh! touch not *his* sail.

I will pray, I will pray for his wandering bark,
When the winds are abroad, when the midnight is dark;
Oh! spare him, ye Billows, that sometimes destroy,
And bring him back safely — my dear sailor boy.

THEY KNOW ME NOT.

They know me not — they know me not;
I am not what I seem;
The heart may have a secret lot,
Of which they little dream.

They know me not — they know me not;
I try to shape a smile, —
But ah ! how different the thought
That saddens me the while.

They know me not — they know me not;
They never dream of care ;
Like shadows on a sunny spot,
Their passing troubles are.

They know me not — they know me not;
And they can never know ;
The sympathy that I have sought
Is rarely found below.

They know me not — they know me not;
They only know my name ;
They only know my outward lot,
And think my heart the same.

THE POET.

I.

A summer sun had sunk away to rest;
The poet rambled forth at eventide,
As twilight 'gan to throw her sable vest,
Over the hills, and flowery landscape wide.
Fair Cynthia looked down with seeming pride,
And stars began to show their eyes of light
In heaven's eternal vault, where nought beside
Was seen, except a cloud in hasty flight,
Which now and then would flit along the canopy of
night.

II.

A holy stillness brooded o'er the scene,
As if in sympathy with setting day;
And evening stole along, with look serene,
Kissing each splendor till it waned away;
So love will watch the heavenly smiles that play
Upon the face of some departing friend;
And in one little moment of delay,
Mutely, above his fading cheek will bend,
And whisper of a day of joy that ne'er shall end.

III.

By the dark margin of a flowing wood
He rambled forth, to idle and to muse,
And thoughtfully upon a hillock stood;
That glorious firmament of fading hues,—

Those whispering leaves, now mute with heavy
dews,—

That sombre landscape deepening into shade,
A transient inspiration might infuse
Into a common mind ; but soon would fade,
And leave in memory, no impress they had made.

IV.

Not so the youth ; 't was more than joy to him,
In the embrace of day and night to stand,
While twilight hung around her drapery dim,
And Zephyrus or fragrant Auster fanned
The mountains ; contemplation would expand
His being into lofty purpose then ;
Fancy was wont to wake the sister band
Of muses, from their slumber in the glen,
And insulate his heart from intercourse with men.

V.

He felt himself a part of all around,
And drank deep loveliness from earth and sky ;
And every breath of music, every sound,
Was laden with uncommon melody.
A paradise of beauty gathered nigh,
Teeming with smiles below and stars above ;
And nymphs with flowing tresses wandered by,
Or glanced with roguish eyes from grove to grove,
And kindled every thought to eloquence and love.

VI.

When in the daylight certainty of life,
He was compelled to act a joyless part,
And plod along through selfishness and strife,
Dunned by the stern formality of art,
He gave his suffrage, but withheld his heart ;
And in the tide of fortune, tempest-tossed,
He seemed a mariner without a chart,
Drifting upon the surge, with compass lost,
And joyed each closing day, to find a whirlpool crossed.

VII.

{ There was an island in life's rugged main,
Where he could fling aside the lagging oar
Of dull formality, and hopeless gain ;
How joyfully he leaped upon the shore,
Saw mountain, cliff, and verdant lawn once more,
And ambled contemplation's quiet vale,
Until he half forgot the breakers' roar,
And thought no longer of his tattered sail,
So soon to be a plaything for to-morrow's gale. }

VIII.

He was a noble wight — I knew him well ;
He had few thoughts in common with mankind ;
For truth and beauty, with a mighty spell,
Had fettered his devotion, and enshrined
An image of perfection in his mind,
Till human folly filled him with surprise ;
With fraud and pedantry, howe'er refined,
He never yet had learned to sympathize ;
Many were fools to him, by others counted wise.

IX.

Each songster mutely folded up her wing,
Where late the wood was vocal with her lays ;
An echo sent his spirit wandering
Back to the tuneful climes of other days ;
A streamlet, glowing in the far-off blaze
Of sunset, whispered music on his ear,
As he beheld the last hesperian rays,
Below their dun horizon disappear.
Such is the end, thought he, of glory's brief career.

X.

Such is the end — thus he soliloquized —
Of early hope and youth's confiding dream ;
When once their boded joy is realized,
'Tis but the splendor of a fitful gleam,
Flashing like sunset on a troubled stream,
Leaving the soul in darkness and in gloom.
What if a star shall descend to beam
Upon us then — 't is only to illume
A rugged route, forever sloping to the tomb.

XI.

Oh ! what are all the fond pursuits of earth,
So soon beclouded by oblivion's pall ?
Why should we tell of sadness or of mirth ?
What boots it whether empires rise or fall ?
And why do we so anxiously forestall
The future — peopling it with joy or woe —
And vainly strive to overleap the wall
That screens our future destiny below ?
The brevity of life is all that we can know.

XII.

Scarcely we know the present ; why should we
Consult the mystic oracles of fate —
Hazard conjecture, where we cannot see ?
Were it not better for an hour to wait,
Neither by fear depressed nor hope elate,
Till time unlocks whatever is in store ?
We cannot cope with misery too late ;
And when our dream of happiness is o'er,
It leaves the vacant heart more dreary than before.

XIII.

But no ; 't is not enough that we have hoped,
And been so oft deluded by the past ;
Nor yet that disappointment has eloped
With present joy ; a tempest may o'ercast
Our way ; but hopefully we brave the blast —
Press onward, where a brighter sky appears ;
Thus hope is our companion first and last ; —
Forever gazing through a mist of tears,
We live upon the rainbow joy of future years.

XIV.

Thus much for all. There is one common tie
That binds in sympathy the human race ;
All learn to hope ; and all must learn to sigh ;
Earth has no nook — no solitary place,
Remote from tears ; where'er the eye can trace
A human footprint, disappointment there
Has made a track. He comes with heavy pace,
Loaded with dull satiety and care,
And talks of baffled hope, and sometimes of despair.

XV.

I claim a kindred here with all mankind,—
 The king, the peasant — lordling and the slave,—
 For Heaven impartial has to each assigned
 A common heritage — a common grave.
 And all that liberal fortune ever gave,
 Cannot emancipate the heart from gloom ;
 Beauty and fame, and riches cannot save
 A solitary favorite from the tomb,
 Nor time nor circumstance avert the general doom.

XVI.

Thus much alike, and yet we disagree ;
 We walk together, but are not the same ;
 What half the world admire is nought to me ;
 We toil companioned with a separate aim.
 'T is true, mortality has stamped a name
 On all achievements, whether mine or theirs ; . . .
 But still my haughty spirit will not claim
 A brotherhood, in all their petty cares ;
 In fate's bequest alone, we will be common heirs.

XVII.

But here in loneliness let me forget
 The apathy of human life awhile ;
 Ye lovely nymphs, whom I have often met
 In these fair solitudes, ye can beguile
 The moodiest hours of sorrow, by your smile ;
 Earth, with its promised joys, may prove untrue ;
 Companions may deride, and foes revile ;
 Wisdom may change her name, and folly too,—
 But all can never change my constancy to you.

XVIII.

You caught my young affections when a boy ;
 How sweet the memory of our dalliance then ;
 In all the confidence of early joy,
 I stole a visit to your covert glen,
 And there retired from the cold gaze of men,
 I pledged my heart to truth and loveliness ;
 And here I do rehearse my vows again ;
 If there was phrenzy in the first caress,
 While sober years creep on, I cannot love you less.

XIX.

Daughters of Fancy, ever fair and young,
 Philosophy may smile and Folly sneer,
 But while the drapery of heaven is hung
 In loveliness around this lower sphere,
 And while you deign to pay your visits here,
 I do devote myself unto your graces ;
 While there is meaning in a grateful tear,
 While there is magic in your angel faces,
 A prosing world shall not estrange from your embraces.

XX.

Mine is no second love ; I do appeal
 To the chronology of by-gone days ;
 Ye know it all ; language cannot reveal
 The ecstasy of Beauty's melting gaze,
 When first I wandered in the starry maze
 Of ideal bliss — a fond enthusiast,
 I followed till I saw the meteor blaze
 Of glory fade to twilight as I passed ; —
 'T is gone ; but Beauty's star shall guide me to the last.

XXI.

Fair Solitude ! with these thy votaries,
Thy moonlight habitations are to me
More beautiful than regal palaces ;
I never yet have bent a supple knee
To wealth and power, as I have done to thee ;
Compelled to join in fashion's masquerade,
I knew it all a splendid mockery,
And hastened homeward when the game was played,
And joyfully to thee my best devotion paid.

XXII.

Fashion — the goddess honored as divine !
I walked her temple when, with zeal immense,
A gaping crowd were bending at her shrine ;
Rich in the paltry coin of pounds and pence,
They have no wants, except a want of sense ;
They have no beauty save a painted face ;
No honesty except a mere pretence ;
No modesty save an affected grace ; —
Love is a jilt, and friendship but a cold embrace.

XXIII.

But let them shine — the pageants of a day ;
I will not throw away my sympathies
In that unmeaning farce — that cold display ;
Scorn may depress, or chill neglect may freeze
My spirit, but I will not stoop to please
The menial train ; I care not for their smile,
Whose favor is inconstant as the breeze ;
Even their flattery is full of guile ;
The breath of calumny is busy all the while.

XXIV.

Leave me with Solitude; I would commune
With shapes more thoughtful than the face of man:
The world is strange; my heart is out of tune;
Hunt a retreating echo, ye who can;
Grasp your own shadow, ever in the van;
Labor for gold, and sweat for empty treasure.
Leave me alone; where cooling breezes fan
My mountain path, I will sit down and measure
The sum of human hope — the altitude of pleasure.

XXV.

I do not murmur, but I wonder much
At this strange destiny, when man is thrust
Into this gaping world, with scarce a crutch,
To stand beneath him and the hungry dust;
I do not murmur; Heaven is surely just,
And will not mar where it were wise to mend;
And it becomes unlettered man to trust
In the decrees he cannot comprehend,
And deem, though strangely made, his Maker is his
friend.

XXVI.

What is this fitful being but a dream,
Where visions ever-changing come and go?
Or like the music of a falling stream,
Soon lost amid the ocean's roar below?
Blow on, ye puffing winds, forever blow;
Wanton, ye billows, with the dancing main;
Arise and sink, ye stars; ye streamlets, flow —
One little hour of ecstasy or pain,
And ye will glide and shine for human hearts in vain.

XXVII.

Speed, speed along, thou cloudy orb of day,
 And haste, ye stars, with all your flickering light ;
 So fast ye hurry this short life away ;
 So fast ye bring that last, that starless night.
 The soul aspiring to some daring height,
 Stumbles into a wilderness of gloom ;
 Genius is clouded in his noonday flight ;
 Ambition, love, and beauty in her bloom,
 Go down, all down unto the melancholy tomb.

XXVIII.

We each are left to fabricate our creed ;
 And this is mine, however trite it be,—
 That Heaven will guerdon every worthy deed ;
 Till then, let Providence and man agree ;
 Our being is but dubious, while we,
 With a sagacity that is not wise,
 Discredit all we cannot plainly see.
 As planets rise to set, and set to rise,
 We live to die, and die to live in yonder skies.

XXIX.

But who that sees the lamp of life go out,
 Flickering and wasting to the latest spark,
 Can stifle the misgiving of a doubt !
 Where shall the spirit wander in the dark ?
 Shall it arise in morning, like the lark,
 Or sink away into forgetful night ?
 Or ramble like the dove from Noah's ark,
 O'er weary floods, a solitary sprite,
 And find no verdant spot on which it may alight ?

XXX.

The swain incurious, who plods along
 Through this eventful scene, without a thought—
 Who listens, day by day, to nature's song—
 Nor wonders where her melodies were caught;
 Who cons the liturgy his mother taught,
 Whether a Christian, Paynim, Islamite,
 And seeks the heaven that his father sought,
 Is sure an humble and a happy wight,
 And will not err, while honest faith can guide him right.

XXXI.

There is sublimity in human love,
 And they are more than skeptics who forego
 This certain good, and hope to find above
 The paradise which they neglect below.
 What kindred smile shall they hereafter know,
 Who have no charities to dole out here ?
 Who ban the treasure heaven would bestow ?
 Benevolence is all our earthly gear—
 Our solace and our passport to a brighter sphere.

XXXII.

That overweening selfishness is blind,
 Which will not make another's joy its own,
 Or interchange a favor with mankind.
 There are a few, whom Providence hath thrown
 Into some uncongenial nook alone,
 Who have no heritage except a tear;
 They hear no music in the kindly tone
 Of kindred voices; all that might be dear
 Is barred or lost, and earth is desolate and drear.

XXXIII.

But let them stand in their own hardihood;
There is a joy in overmatching grief;
There is a medicine in fortitude,
Till time, the panacea, brings relief.
Sorrow is not forever — life is brief;
And some unpromised guerdon yet may fall
From the all-pitying skies, that find their chief
Employ, in watching round this lowly ball,
And showering down donations equally on all.

XXXIV.

I have not syllabled a thought to men,
Of all that stirs within me to this hour;
There is no language in the voice or pen,
To body forth the soul. I feel the power
Of something wonderful, that seems to shower
Its presence like an inspiration round;
When wandering through mountain, heath or bower,
In sunshine or in shadow, I have found
What seemed the echo of a universal sound, —

XXXV.

A breathing mystery, that spoke aloud
In lowly primrose and in lofty oak,
In ocean, earth, in firmament and cloud;
Alike when thunderbolts from prison broke,
Cleaving the tempest with a sounding stroke,
Or noiseless voyagers were on the air;
Alike in silence and in storm it spoke,
Till all seemed glorious and all seemed fair; —
There was a general hum of music everywhere.

XXXVI.

And I have sat in an illumined hall,
 And listened to an orchestra of song ;
 Shadows were dimly dancing on the wall,
 And music rolled in majesty along,
 Now swelling to a chorus full and strong,
 Now melting, dying into common air.

And beauty's eye was glancing in the throng ;
 Look at her snowy cheek, her raven hair,
 And say if she is not a thing divinely fair.

XXXVII.

At such a time, I seem to break the chain
 That binds my struggling, captive being here,
 And soar with fancy upward, till I gain
 A passing glimpse of some melodious sphere,
 Where discord never falls upon the ear ;
 Where loveliness is not a shadowy grace,
 Losing its magic when I venture near ;
 And where the scattered charms that here I trace,
 Are all commingled into one angelic face.

XXXVIII.

I have seen forms unutterably fair ;
 They haunt my busy recollection still ;
 I have heard music exquisitely rare ;
 It passed away, as all such music will,
 But left a vacancy for time to fill.
 Visions of beauty ! ye were passing sweet ;
 Like rainbows walking up a distant hill,
 Ye seemed to beckon and to fly my feet ;
 And yet, whate'er ye were, I loved the fond deceit.

XXXIX.

If there is nothing more of life than this —
To idolize what never can be mine, —
To chase some fugitive, expiring bliss,
That hastens like a star to its decline, —
To bring a slighted offering to the shrine
Of one, who heeds not my idolatry, —
If I must deem a human smile divine,
And find my guerdon all a mockery, —
Then I submit to fate, however dark it be.

XL.

Give me a cottage in some mountain dell,
Sheltered from all unwelcome visitors,
Where careless Solitude and Sabbath dwell,
And none intrude except the worshippers
Of God's perfection ; where the zephyr stirs
A harmony in every vocal pine,
And where the goddess of content prefers
To fix her habitation close to mine ; —
There let me pay my vows unto the tuneful Nine.

XLI.

And let some nymph, more human than the rest,
Enthral my vision all the summer day ;
How sweet the task to make each other blest,
Leaving the world to wrangle as it may.
There let me listen to her willing lay,
Supremely gladdened by the melody,
And in her tireless presence bask away
This wondrous life — alas ! too short for me ;
But hope is scribbling with the pen of destiny.

XLII.

Alas! alas! the desolating breath
 Of winter, chills the verdure of our years ;
 Beauty herself is not exempt from death —
 A frail exotic, fostered by our tears ;
 And love's excess is measured by its fears ;
 It is a fearful thing to love too well ;
 Unless there be beyond these blighted spheres,
 A healthier climate, where no curse has fell,
 Where innocence and love eternally shall dwell.

XLIII.

However dark shall be my earthly lot,
 When storms assail my troubled being here,
 I will be credulous of some bright spot,
 Where life is always young, where skies are clear.
 The sunbeams of another world shall cheer
 My vision, till I leave the clouds of this ;
 And I will launch away without a tear ;
 I either find my haven or I miss —
 Estranged forevermore to grief, as well as bliss.

XLIV.

Let disappointment scatter frost on all
 The garden of existence here below ;
 Soon will the shadows of oblivion fall,
 And hide the retrospect of earthly woe.
 If heaven is friendly, earth is not my foe ;
 The world may frown or flatter, as it please ;
 Whether the blasts of time shall rudely blow,
 Or fortune fan me with a kindlier breeze,—
 Oh ! let me calmly wait what Providence decrees.)

THE GRAND MONADNOCK.

Summer was out in all her greenery,
And fragrant zephyrs o'er the landscape played,
As through New Hampshire's rugged scenery
I rambled; trees were towering undecayed,
That cast on other centuries their shade;
Tall mountains stood around with solemn mien,
The guardians of many a flowery glade,
That slept in beauty and in joy between,
Like maiden innocence, too bashful to be seen.

There is a magic in those old grey rocks,
Towering in "mountain majesty" on high;
For ages they have battled with the shocks,
Of racking whirlwinds that have wandered by;
Changes that have deranged mortality,
Are nought to them; a brotherhood sublime,
They hold a quiet converse with the sky,
And stand, as when our world was in its prime,
Unharmed as yet, by all the ravages of time.

"And thou Parnassus" of my native clime,
What though we scarcely yet have seen thy name,
Among the annals of hesperian rhyme?
What if no oracle enhance thy fame,
No fuming deity or prescient dame
Erect a domicile and tripod near?
Thou Grand Monadnock, grandeur is the same,
Whether it shade the Delphian hemisphere,
Or tower without a sybil, or a poet here.

I stood upon thy solitary height,
When erst romantic boyhood climbed the steep,
And there outvigiled all the stars of night,
Till morning gleamed along the watery deep,
And woke a drowsy continent from sleep.

I saw remotest Orient unfold
His portals, and a world of splendor leap
From the abyss where far Atlantic rolled,
Mingling its billows with a firmament of gold.

Time rolls along with an oblivious tide,
And soon will drown the voice of praise or blame;
The tallest monuments of human pride
Crumble away like ant-hills — both the same;
How brief the echo of a sounding name,—
The envy and the glory of mankind !

And who shall heed the after-trump of fame,
That fluctuates a season on the wind,
Stirring the empty dust that he has left behind ?

Farewell, thou rude but venerable form !
I go my way, perchance return no more;
I leave thee here to battle with the storm,
And the inconstant winds that round thee roar;
I would not like thy cloudy summit soar;
Too many blasts would howl around my head.

Farewell; contentment is my only store;
Along the humbler valley let me tread,
Unenvied live, and sleep with the forgotten dead.

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